

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

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AN ORIGINAL STORY

ENTITLED

Disease of the Heart Which the Physician Could Not Reach.

In Three Volumes, That Can be Read at One Sitting.

TAKEN IN SUBSTANCE FROM THE DIARY OF AN AGED PRIEST, AND WRITTEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

DEDICATION.

[This work is respectfully dedicated by the author to the "Pair" at the Academy of Music, an enterprise that has for its object to aid the Sisters of Mercy in their noble charity, which is in part to afford protection to the innocence of destitute females rather than to rescue from vice such as have already fallen, although Christian charity is equally admirable in the devoted ladies who consecrate themselves to the one or the other of these noble works.]

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

In the city of P— there was a young lady named Emily Wharton, who was at that time between sixteen and seventeen years of age. The period was 182—. She had already attained the growth of her womanhood. In stature considerably more than the average of her sex, her form was to the eye exquisitely classical, and a sculptor, in the best or worst time of Italian art, might have desired such a model to immortalize his fame. But it was not the elegant proportions of Emily Wharton which alone would attract the eye of admiration. In addition, there was a countenance calculated to win even something more than mere admiration. It would amount to respect and affection of the most pure and disinterested kind. Miss Wharton's hair was black—her eye-brows not particularly arched, but of the same color, and so were her eyes. Her complexion, notwithstanding all this, was exceedingly fair, with a faint mingling of crimson on her cheek, of which it would be difficult to determine absolutely either the centre or the circumference. But it was not merely the beauty of her person that would interest an admirer. There was a sweet and lovely, a mild and gentle expression in her whole face, for which she was indebted (without being aware of it) to her beautiful soul rather than to her countenance. All who had the pleasure of knowing her maintained the justice of this opinion, and no one, even if such a term could be admitted of her rivals, ever ventured to assert the contrary.

CHAPTER II.

But who was Miss Wharton? She was the only child of an unhappy marriage. Her mother before marriage was Miss Hunder-ton, who was also an only child.

Her father was a man who, at the time of his marriage, was counted as belonging to one of the first families of a southern State. But he belonged so much to the aristocracy of that noble old State, that he could not descend to labor with his own hands for the means of support, whilst at the same time he took distinguished rank among the fashionable men of the city, with whom, unfortunately, he associated too much and too imprudently. He died when his only daughter was but five years of age. His widow survived three years more, and then poor Emily was left an orphan, except that her noble old grandfather still lived

and would not desert her, although partly in consequence of keeping up the style which had ever distinguished his antique mansion, and partly in consequence of expenditures for the support of his daughter and her husband, his means, or if one could so express it, his fortune, had become considerably dilapidated.

CHAPTER III.

After the death of his daughter Mr. Hunder-ton took charge of his grandchild Emily, and it is due to him to state, that he stood towards her, as far as such a thing is possible, in the full stead both of her own father and mother. There was no expense spared upon her education, and although the display of her acquirements in any vain sense would be incompatible with the good taste, the modesty, the propriety of her natural character; still, when occasion required it, she was not found less accomplished than any of those who might have been tempted to put reliance on the mere display of their acquirements.

CHAPTER IV.

She had now reached the middle of her seventeenth year. The diary does not give any account of the occasion or circumstances which drew her attention to the study of the Catholic religion, and which finally, by the grace of God, she was induced to embrace.

She did, however, make her profession of faith and become a Catholic, although it is stated that the clergyman who had instructed her in the principles of the Catholic faith, refused to admit her unless she should immediately make known to her grandfather what she was about to do. It was, no doubt, a hard trial for her. But in the rectitude of her natural character she did not shrink from its execution.

Mr. Hunder-ton listened to her with great patience and kindness. Although himself a Protestant, he had no fixed ideas in regard to the divine origin of any one denomination more than another. He was afflicted, however, because it seemed to him that his granddaughter, now the only remaining blossom on the old family stem, would by this step do immense injury to her own future interests in her settlement of life, and to his affectionate desire for her welfare. He paused, and was very pensive for some ten or fifteen minutes after having listened to Emily's purpose, expressed in her own peculiarly simple and direct terms. Then he said, "My child, there are few left on earth of my family for whom I need entertain any special solicitude. You are the remaining representative of all the hopes of my early married life. When I die, my inheritance will not make you rich. But in the meantime why should I step in, in my old age, between you and your perhaps hasty project for securing your happiness in time and in eternity. I will not do it, my dear Emily. If you can be happier as a Catholic and better, (which I think impossible,) be a Catholic, but be a good one." Here the venerable old man paused again for several minutes, and then, as if brightening up, or probably to relieve the weight which his remarks had made on his granddaughter's mind, observed, "Well after all, Emily, since you have thought of changing the religion of your father and mother, I am glad that you did not join any of these new-fangled creeds, such as the Swedenborgians and the Methodists. I know that the Catholic religion is an old religion and has a great deal to say for itself. And on the whole, for a young girl like you, I take it that there is something sprightly and spirited in the selection of creed which you have made. You are my granddaughter, but now I will substitute you in place of my own daughter, your dear

and beautiful mother, and from this time call me Pa, and not Grandpa."

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Those who have passed through such an ordeal can easily imagine how doubly consoling it was to Miss Wharton to find that she could conform to what she regarded as her duty to God, at the same time, that she did it without torturing the feelings of her only remaining relative on earth. With immense joy she made known to her clergyman that although her grandpa had not approved in special terms of the step which she had taken, still he had given her assurance that it should not cause the slightest diminution of affection in her regard.

CHAPTER II.

Under these circumstances things went on smoothly. She was not merely in her person, but in the beautiful character of her mind, so amiable, that none of her Protestant friends renounced her acquaintance in consequence of her change of religion. Her grandpa so far as could be observed, became rather prouder of her than before. After her confession and first communion, there was additional beauty reflected from the peace of her soul, and which seemed to celestialize the features of her countenance. And so, for some twenty months, she was equally, we will not say respected or admired, but, if possible, more loved by both Catholics and Protestants than she had been before.

CHAPTER III.

About this time, as subsequent events proved, she became acquainted with Mr. Holcomb. This gentleman was perhaps nine years her senior. He was tall, with light brown hair, and hazel eyes. He was not what an artist would call a model. He was a merchant, prosperous in business. Of his family the diary of the aged priest does not give any biography or chronicle. It was only known that he was held in good repute by men of his own class engaged in business. Further, it was ascertained that he had an aged mother living in the city for whose wants he never neglected to make provision. The diary does not say under what circumstances he happened to make the acquaintance of Miss Wharton. But it only recounts that such an acquaintance had been made, and that their marriage took place in consequence thereof.

CHAPTER IV.

The marriage was celebrated at the family mansion, the home of her grandfather. It was brilliant, and in a style such as could hardly be exceeded even under the light of gas, and greater pretensions than were at that time fashionable. But no description of anything of this kind is necessary, since all the readers of these remarks will be from their own experience, quite competent to judge and even criticize the fashionable follies which are usually exhibited on such occasions.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Holcomb had already furnished his home for the reception of his beautiful bride. Now, as his establishment was not in the least above the reputation of his means, it was elegantly, but not ostentatiously furnished. To this he led the young bride that had been entrusted to his protection and care.

CHAPTER VI.

In this abode there appeared to be, and it is to be hoped there was, nothing but comfort, domestic affection and harmony.

CHAPTER VII.

Still, time went on—for several years neither husband nor wife had suffered in the least on the score of their domestic felicity, by the repetition of its months and years, until the marriage could date sixteen annual revolutions. Before, or immediately after this term, it began to be whispered that the business of Mr. Holcomb was not as prosperous as it had been; and although it did not happen that he had become a bankrupt in the ordinary sense of the term, still, it began to be seen that his business was managed by other parties almost without the use of his name. About the same period, he was overtaken with paralysis in his limbs. He lingered for eighteen or twenty months and then died. It was stated that either before or during this time, he had ceased to be in some respects what a husband should towards his wife. But of this she, at least, during his life, or after his death, never allowed her lips to breathe a syllable.

CHAPTER VIII.

It does not enter into the plan of this work to give any description of the circumstances of the death and burial of poor Mr. Holcomb. It is enough to know that he did not die a Catholic—notwithstanding the angelic, albeit, silent preaching and example, of the one who had been called Emily Wharton, before she became his wife.

CHAPTER IX.

In the meantime, her gallant and noble old grandfather had also gone to his account. His temporal affairs—though, like a gentleman of the old school, he sustained his position to the last—left nothing, or but a very small amount for his beloved granddaughter.

The winding up of her husband's affairs proved in the hands of others, equally unproductive—and so the daughter, the descendant, of what might be called a noble family in the United States, (that is, if nobility were recognized,) was either actually or prospectively reduced to absolute poverty.

CHAPTER X.

During the long period over which the diary of the aged priest has been stretched out, the marriage of Mr. Holcomb and Emily Wharton, resulted in the birth of six children. The elder two daughters were Mary Ann and Isabel—the third and fourth, Gertrude and Francis—the others were George and Emma.

For the poor and afflicted widow it was well that Gertrude and Francis had been taken to Heaven in childhood, after having received the sacred rite of Catholic Baptism. Mary Ann and Isabel were with their mother, under her calamities, and kind nurses whenever she was absent, of their younger brother and sister, George and Emma.

CHAPTER XI.

In the meantime, however, everything of the moderate furniture and original appointments of Mrs. Holcomb's house were becoming more and more diminished. There was an amount, by report of agents or officials, which warranted her, in the buoyant hopes of a mother who has children to see provided for, to take a small house, not in an alley or obscure place, but in a street in which even the friends of her early youth need not be altogether ashamed to call upon her.

CHAPTER XII.

Time still went on—the small patrimony that accrued either from her grandfather's or her husband's estate was soon expended, or on the point of being so, even in her humble dwelling. No mother could desire or hope for better children than the four who re-

mained to her out of six. The two youngest were still children. The other two, viz., Mary Ann and Isabel, were old enough to enter into all the feelings of her heart, and were generous enough to profess and be ready to do everything which she would permit, to assuage the sufferings of so good a mother. Mary Ann was a beautiful, mild, almost taciturn daughter, feeling everything, but scarcely speaking of the domestic calamity of the family. Isabel, on the contrary, though a year and eight months younger, was a person of immense energy and inexplicable affection for her afflicted mother.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the meanwhile, there was a traitor in the camp. The poor mother began to lose her health. According to her, it was nothing but a cold, which she took in consequence of exposure in trying to superintend by her own hands the little comforts as well as cleanliness of herself and of her children. For by this time the remnants of pecuniary inheritance had become, or was becoming very small. Still it was only a cold, which she would soon overcome.

CHAPTER XIV.

This was her happy illusion; but lest any accident might happen to her hopes of eternal bliss, she deemed it prudent to send immediately, as soon as she was confined to her bed by the doctor's advice, for the Priest—not the one who received her into the Church, but the other, who officiated at her brilliant marriage in the house of her grandfather. Still it was only a cold. But she had been taught, in view of the uncertainty of human life, not to trifle with anything of the kind.

CHAPTER XVI.

She sent for the Priest, and when he arrived, the change (he could observe it) between the beautiful Emily Wharton as the young lady of former years and the present widowed sufferer did not affect him so much as the great fading away of the furniture and comfort which had surrounded her on the first occasion as compared with her present dereliction of friends and destitution of everything.

CHAPTER XVII.

After a few words of kindness, and even of sympathy, the Priest insinuated, kindly, that there was no reason why God should not be as pleased with the sufferer as He had ever been at any time.

These words appeared to act as a charm to that afflicted mind. And so it appeared borne up.

CHAPTER XVII.

The conversation was brief. The Priest had his duties towards other sufferers, even poorer, if possible, than Mrs. Holcomb. Still he departed with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Time, that is, months, went on, and he was called again, when not much varying statements or circumstances came under his notice. The only new feature in this interview was, an apparent regret, or, if that would not be too harsh a term, resentment, on the part of Mrs. Holcomb, to the effect that her old friends had forgotten her; that in the days in which she had strength enough to be by the window she saw people passing hither and thither on the opposite side of the street, some of whom she had known, and that others were passing daily on her own side, but who, if they ever knew her residence, had now, in her poverty, forgotten the number of her house.

She did not complain.

CHAPTER XIX.

By this time she had become, under the advice of physicians, restricted almost entirely to her bed. The world knew nothing of it. But at that moment the whole residue of her hopes as to means in this world for the support of herself and her children had been reduced to the small sum of one hundred and seventy-one dollars.

CHAPTER XX.

The Priest to whom we have alluded returned from time to time to the humble abode now occupied by Mrs. Holcomb.

To him the mere desolation of appointments for even ordinary comfort in her rooms were

not of much account. He had witnessed similar scenes in cellars and in garrets, where the sufferer was not perhaps less worthy, but certainly less brilliant.

Religion, time, and the stealthy inroads of disease, had all contributed to reconcile the suffering lady to her present condition. She was entirely resigned to the will of God, and to the dispensations of His providence. Consumption is a mild disease, albeit that consumption, though gentle in its mode of dealing with humanity, seldom, if ever, forgives or allows a reprieve to its chosen victim.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thus Mrs. Holcomb indulged the idea that she was not really sick or in danger of death, it was merely a "hacking cough," but she had a clear mind and memory—suffered no pain—dozed more or less through the day, and could sleep comfortably through the night, were it not for this troublesome and insignificant cough, which sometimes interrupted her breathing and her repose. Besides she relished well the small amount of food which her appetite craved regularly enough. Otherwise she was perfectly well—weak, indeed, as to bodily strength—but still, if the physician permitted it, strong enough, as she imagined to superintend the affairs of her poor abode.

CHAPTER XXII.

At this period Mary Ann was eighteen years of age. Isabel twenty months younger. The latter was of a more active and ardent temperament than her sister, and in foreseeing what affairs were likely to come to, had solicited her mother to permit her to accept employment in an establishment where other young females were earning something by the use of their needle. This was reluctantly granted. And Isabel on Saturday evenings exhibited a most cheerful and happy countenance in presenting to her mother the earnings of the week. She lodged at home—took an early breakfast—and brought with her such scanty meal as might support her through the day, returning always, and punctually, before 9 o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Time went on—consumption was becoming more and more developed. Care, disappointment, and sorrow, had no doubt furrowed more or less, the countenance of Mrs. Holcomb. But consumption had done away with all this, substituting a smooth forehead—a pellucid countenance—but pale as it could be in death. Then her black hair, no longer much cared for, appeared, to have acquired a brilliancy which the art of the hair dresser could not have imparted at any period of her life. Her eyes were clear and lustrous—one could almost see through them to her very soul. But there was a new symptom such as could not deceive the practiced eye of the Priest, much less that of the doctor.

In the center of those pale cheeks, there was becoming manifest a crimson spot, as if they had been touched with a small red rose, which left its own blush behind. Still she was resigned if not cheerful. "She did not suffer more than usual—in fact she was not conscious of suffering at all, but only this hacking cough, which, through the night disturbed her rest, and what was more, would not allow Mary Ann, who slept on a mattress, hid away during the day, but spread out on the floor, during the night. Her slightest cough would rouse her affectionate nurse, Mary Ann—so that, except when utterly exhausted by fatigue, the poor child hardly enjoyed the refreshment of genuine sleep."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Time still went on. The Priest made his visit as before, say once in two or three weeks. In one of these he discovered that Mrs. Holcomb had lost much of that beautiful courage, which, until then, he had so much admired. He inquired whether her disease had taken a form entailing upon her the sufferings of sickness? "No;

as far as disease was concerned, she felt perfectly comfortable, as she had described before. But there was a weight and an oppression on her heart, which would soon put an end to its throbbing." The Priest inquired whether she had made this new symptom known to the physician? "No," she replied. "It is hard enough to make it known to you. But except to you, it shall be my secret during the brief remainder of my life."

CHAPTER XXV.

The good Priest urged her to disclose the occasion which had brought upon her the disease of the heart. She explained briefly that "on a recent occasion Isabel made a larger return than usual of her week's earnings—that Isabel was the child whom she loved most, and who loved her the most ardently—that on receiving the money, she uttered, without reflection, some expressions of apprehension and of doubt lest it might not have been honestly or honorably acquired—that these suspicions sank like a poisoned arrow into the heart of her daughter—so much so, indeed, that the latter gave way to a paroxysm of grief which lasted nearly a whole hour, at the end of which, kissing her mother most tenderly, and shedding upon her face a torrent of tears, she retired. She left the next morning at the usual hour, to return to her employment as the family supposed; but she had not made her appearance since that day."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Eight weeks had elapsed from the time when Isabel disappeared. The Priest, in his round of sick calls, had dropped in more than once to visit Mrs. Holcomb. His rap was almost the only one which prevented the knocker of the door becoming rusted. Once or twice he saw, by the lonely bed-side of Mrs. Holcomb, Charity, represented in a living form. He might have imagined for the moment that the heavenly virtue had glided imperceptibly into that lonely chamber through an open window, as the dove presented itself at the window of the Ark.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Holcomb, during all this time, was in the habit of making her confession and receiving the holy communion as often as once a month. A few who knew her life and her condition would be sadly puzzled to imagine what she could possibly have to confess to the priest, yet as her mind contemplated more and more nearly the perfections of God, she became apparently more observant of her own imperfections, and thus she who to other eyes seemed naturally blameless in the sight of God and man, had something to say against herself in the presence of Divine Majesty. On the visits of the priest, which were extra official, the one thought seemed to take possession of her mind, namely: "Had she incurred any responsibility for consequences by having spoken so thoughtlessly to her dear Isabel?" Sometimes she thought she had; then again, "How could she avoid it?" But still her child had disappeared, and she knew not what had become of her. "Had she been murdered, or worse?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Several months had elapsed since her favorite daughter had disappeared, and it was evident that the mother was sinking fast. The cough which she had described as hacking was now, she said, less frequent and less painful. It seemed to have descended deeper into the chest, and her expectation was much freer. She could sleep more comfortably, but she could not overcome an almost continuous perspiration which she feared was rapidly reducing her remaining strength.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On one occasion the priest met her physician as the latter retired from his professional visit. There was an inquiry as to the case of Mrs. Holcomb, and the doctor, whether jocosely or otherwise, stated that although she was sinking rapidly, still he had detected her as if she were amusing herself by playing at cards in what is called "the solitary game." The

priest, after the first encouraging words, repeated to the suffering lady what the doctor had said. Her reply was: "Well, father, I can explain it all. You remember that I was received into the church by Father M—, and before his departure for the West he made me a present of a prayer book. It is one of those three little volumes which you see on the chair. My library is now reduced to that. One is the New Testament, from which Mary Ann reads a chapter every day. The prayer book is for our morning and evening devotions, and the other is Thomas a Kempis, of which a verse or two is read every day; but I tell Mary Ann never to look for any particular verse, but to open the book as it were at random, and the first verse on the right hand page is almost sure to meet my case and bring comfort to my heart if that were now possible. And as for the cards, they are the little pictures of devotion with which I had marked special places in my prayer book when it was first offered to me. I keep them under my pillow, and when I am alone (for Mary Ann has often to look after the children) I take them out and pass them before my eyes in order to imbibe some comfort and encouragement."

At this moment she passed her left hand around under the pillow and drew out a few of those pictures—there were only four—and continued, observing, "These are some of my books." Taking up the first, she said, "This is the martyrdom of St. Agnes, so young and so beautiful! Would that my poor Isabel had been so early taken away! And this is the martyrdom of St. Stephen; the stones hurled at his life are falling upon him thick as drops of rain, but he is patient, and sees the heavens opened and his Divine Master sitting at the right hand of God. This other one is the picture of the 'Seven Dolors,' and represents as many pains concentrated in the heart of the Blessed Virgin. In mine there is but one, and that is invisible. No one knows of it but yourself. And this last is the picture of the crucifixion of our Lord, with all the instruments of his torture. I look upon it, I consider its meaning, and I pray to Him who suffered with the fond and confiding hope that my poor Isabel shall, through his mercy, be saved at least from eternal ruin. Now these are the cards which the doctor observed, but while he is so kind in his attentions, you know he is a Quaker, and entering without being announced, as he does, I have not always time to hide them under my pillow, and I gather them hastily together and turn them with the face downwards on the counterpane."

CHAPTER XXX.

She appeared exhausted and the priest soon retired. Not many days after he was called upon with the intimation that Mrs. Holcomb was sinking fast. He proceeded immediately to her abode and administered the last sacraments. She was clear in her mind and composed as usual, but it had been reported to her that her extremities were cold and pulseless. She was not herself conscious of it, but it seemed that death had been taking possession of the outworks of life, and, to use a common expression, was crowding his chill towards the center of vitality. What happened subsequently was reported next day by her daughter. She seemed for a moment to rally, but as midnight approached the symptoms began to change. She appeared to be dozing, and in that twilight between sleeping and waking, she pronounced, but with a feeble voice, "Oh! it breaks at last!" "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," and added, yet more faintly, "My poor Isabel! Oh, Isabel—" Her head reclined gently on the left side, and she began to repose in what the Church calls "the sleep of peace." Mary Ann thought it was a sleep of another kind, and threw gently a veil over her face, lest flies or musketoes, which have a partiality for the sick chamber of the poor, might disturb her slumber.

The burial took place with as little delay as propriety permitted. The attendants were few; among them, however, were Mr. and Mrs. Crolly, of whom we shall speak in another chapter. Mrs. Crolly was perhaps the only one who never deserted Mrs. Holcomb. She had two children of her own. The eldest, a daughter who was now in her fourteenth year, was at the convent receiving her education; the other a boy of scarcely ten, who had contracted a disease of the spine that disfigured

his appearance, but did not obscure in the least the brilliancy of his mind. It was agreed that this boy should stay at the house with George and Emma instead of attending the corpse to the grave. The first carriage that followed the hearse was that in which Mr. and Mrs. Crolly accompanied Mary Ann. The second contained the physician and the priest. The third had two or three occupants, whose names are not remembered, but the fourth was empty. After the funeral service the coffin was lowered into the grave. Mrs. Crolly had taken the precaution to hold Mary Ann near her, and it was well, for the gravedigger, instead of pouring in some fine sand, hurled inconsiderately a heavy clod, which gave back a hollow sound from the coffin lid, that caused the only relative present almost to reel with agony. She fell upon the neck of her supporter, but she wept not at all, for, like her mother, she had been denied the privilege of shedding tears. When she recovered the grave was nearly filled, and now the parties retired.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Crolly remained at the desolate abode that night. The landlord had not been paid his last instalment of rent. He was sorry for what had happened, but still he wished his money. He took possession of all that was worth notice in the way of furniture.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A consultation was now held as to what should become of the children. Mrs. Crolly invited Mary Ann to her house, and it was fortunate that she did so for the poor girl, either by inheritance or by inhalation of the atmosphere in which she had been so faithful a nurse was overtaken by that same consumption which had taken off her mother, and in less than ten months her remains were deposited by the side of that mother's coffin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

During the consultation just alluded to, the question arose as to the future of George and Emma. It was stated that wealthy persons were disposed to adopt them and bring them up respectably. The children themselves were consulted as to what they would wish. At this period George was eleven years, and Emma a little over nine. The question of the little fellow was:

"Can Emma and I be brought up in the religion of our mother?"

The answer was, that on that subject no previous answer could be offered. Then, said he, "I will not allow either Emma or myself to be brought up at all, in that uncertainty. If our mother were living I know she would not approve of it."

"But, dear George, in present circumstances, what is to be done?"

"I have been thinking of it," he said, "ever since the coffin was taken from the door—and if nothing better offers, I can support Emma and myself."

"But how, poor child?"

"I will take a room, and Emma shall keep house for me. During mother's sickness we have both, more or less, learned how to cook—and there are small things in the kitchen which the landlord will not think it worth while to offer for sale. Let me have these, and I shall rent a small room for Emma and myself, and if I cannot support her, you will see."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Crolly had a distant relative who was, herself, very poor. The small house in which she and her husband lived, although costing for rent but one hundred dollars a year, contained a little room with a fire-place which, under his present plan, George rented at the rate of one dollar per month. Whether Mr. C— had a private understanding with her relative in regard to supplying deficiencies of rent, even for the small abode, does not appear.

CHAPTER XXXV.

But, at all events, George and his little sister Emma, went to housekeeping with the fragments of the little kitchen furniture which, as he said, the landlord did not think it worth while to notice. The memory and example of their angelic mother, was deeply impressed on the mind and affections of both. On Sunday mornings they went to early Mass—and knelt among those who had no seats in the synagogue. Emma kept house, and George entered into the business of sell-

ing lucifer matches, around the streets. Both could read well, and they read and studied the Catechism together.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Time went on for two years longer. But the business of George began to be less profitable, other boys had got into the trade—and now it was overdone. The profits were becoming less and less every day. In the meanwhile Mrs. Crolly never ceased to visit them, from time to time, and to inquire how they were getting on. The report was not bright or encouraging. Then she proposed to take Emma to her own house, as she had taken her sister Mary Ann before. Poor George felt it his duty not to oppose this arrangement. But in answer to the question what should become of him in that case, he stated that a merchant on the eastern side of the city, had offered to take him as a boy in his store.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

So the little ménage was broken up.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Emma went to the home of her mother's friend. George went to the store.

VOL. III.

CHAPTER I.

In this third and last volume we shall be brief—and follow Emma first in her career up to the time of the present writing. She grew up a good and a fair girl. A cousin of Mr. Crolly, who resided in the West and kept store, as they call it, was in the habit of coming annually to the Atlantic seaboard for the purpose of laying in his supply of goods. Whilst in the city he generally made his home with his relative; and as Emma grew up into womanhood he paid her that kind of attention which generally terminates in marriage, and brought her with him to the far West.

CHAPTER II.

George did not remain many months with his employer. The latter had ordered him to sweep and wash the pavement in front of the store. This the high-spirited boy disdained and refused to do. He had been a housekeeper himself, and had tasted of independence, not indeed unaccompanied by toil; but at all events he refused to wash the pavement, and went to sea.

CHAPTER III.

In a former chapter we promised to give some notice of Mr. and Mrs. Crolly. Who were they? Mrs. Crolly's maiden name was Susan Geraghty. She was a domestic in the house of Mr. Hunderton when Emily Wharton became a Catholic. This circumstance endeared both mutually to each other, notwithstanding the difference between their conditions in life. Neither forgot her own position; but so far as religion is concerned, they were on a perfect equality. When Emily's grandfather had retired in the evening, they would recite the Rosary together. Susan was in remote attendance at the marriage of Miss Wharton; and if, at that moment, the prayers of Susan's devoted Catholic heart could have availed, the life of Mrs. Holcomb, so far as this world is concerned, would have been much more prosperous.

CHAPTER IV.

Susan had formed the acquaintance of a young carpenter recently from Ireland—Denis Crolly. They made up their minds to be married. There was no grand festivity on that occasion. She was in domestic service; he toiling at his trade. They had too much good sense and too much self-respect, to invite their few friends to the nuptials which, if celebrated except in the most private manner, would require them to give an entertainment either in the kitchen of Mr. Hunderton or at some low, vile tavern.

CHAPTER V.

After a few months, Mr. Crolly rented apartments, to which he brought his wife, and he was quite astonished after some time to discover that, owing to her good management, industry and economy, he could save more of his wages than when he was a single man.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Crolly was not merely an excellent

workman as a carpenter, but he had acquired some elementary science in connection with his trade, and in which he did not cease to improve himself as opportunity offered, day by day. He could understand and explain a working plan for a building better than his employer. Indeed, at this time, he could make practical drawings, even in the absence of the architect. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Crolly soon rose to the rank of a foreman. This position brought him into contact not only with architects but also with men who were disposed to invest their capital in new buildings.

CHAPTER VII.

In fine, Mr. Crolly rose to be himself a boss, and had already risen from that rank to be a master builder, even before the time of Mrs. Holcomb's death. He owned a house and lot here, another there, and several in other places—whilst the public knew nothing of the fact that Denis Crolly was the proprietor.

CHAPTER VIII.

His wife was particularly noble—not so much for the plain, good, clear understanding of her mind as for the affectionate and perpetual constancy of her heart—towards poor Mr. Holcomb.

CHAPTER IX.

In drawing to the close of this work, we have but little more to say. Our readers will be anxious to know what has happened to the other persons whose names have been mentioned in the foregoing narrative.

They will be glad to learn that Emma, who was a housekeeper at the age of a little more than nine years, is now the living matron of a happy home in the State of Arkansas. There is only one drawback to her happiness, and that is, that the Priest does not visit their neighborhood more than once in three months.

CHAPTER X.

George, it is supposed, is still on the ocean. He was last seen by the writer of this as a boatswain, belonging to one of the ships that went out to Japan under command of the lamented and gallant Commodore Perry. There was no recognition between the writer and George. But the recollection of all that has been stated above was passing rapidly or confusedly through the mind of the former.

The boy had already acquired, if one can so speak, the habits, in a good sense, and almost the countenance of an old tar. Among other things, as he sat in repose at the stern of the boat, he would shut or half close one eye and sweep the watery horizon with a more concentrated look of the other.

CHAPTER XI.

Since the departure of the Japanese expedition George has not been heard from. He did not seem to have risen in the service to that distinction which his boyish spirit of independence and of enterprise would have prepared one to expect. Yet, who can say that George Holcomb may not some day turn up as a man distinguished in the service of his country?

CHAPTER XII.

The reader has, no doubt, been longing to hear something of the only remaining child of Mrs. Holcomb, her dear Isabel. She is under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. She should not be pointed out to any visitor. But imagination would come up to nearly the reality by painting to itself a female figure embracing the foot of the cross, just as painters have represented Mary Magdalene.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Why is it that society did not enable the Sisters of Mercy to visit the desolate abode of Mrs. Holcomb, at a period when its destitution stimulated poor Isabel to go forth into a world of danger with a view to earn by her toil, something for the support of her mother? There are many Isabels around us—let them be thought of in time, so that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd need not be called upon to remedy that which the Sisters of Mercy if properly sustained, might have prevented. We bow with religious reverence to the very idea of Christian charity, whether exercised by one community or by another. Charity in our catechism is called a Theological virtue—that is it comes from God and returns to Him. This is indeed a cold, bad, and vile

world for the presence of that sneaky-eyed messenger and agent of all that is good. But then, the sunbeams of Heaven shine here upon every thing, whether pure or impure, without being themselves contaminated. So is it with sweet and gentle charity, whether exercised by the Sisters of Mercy, or, by those of the Good Shepherd.

FINIS.

P.S.—As yet there is no slab to mark the grave of Mrs. Holcomb, in the churchyard of M—. But the epitaph to be inscribed upon it is already written, and runs as follows:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. E. Holcomb—nee EMILY WHARTON. Her physician says that she died of consumption. But her priest thinks that this consumption was hurried to its final work, by a DISEASE OF THE HEART, of which the doctor knew nothing."

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.—Years ago, when I was a youngster, I became an assistant of Dr. B., the superintendent of a public insane asylum. As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable, and had the freedom of the high-walled garden, while others, being dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms. Sometimes one of the last named gentlemen would get loose, a fact which he usually announced by breaking things generally, upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot at which he was "elevating the ancient Henry," and advancing upon him with a steadfast gaze, would march him off to his room. We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and strong as an ostrich. He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back docilely when any of us made our appearance.

The asylum had a saloon in the centre, with a door at each end; and one of the doors requiring fixing once upon a time, a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones, and quietly possessed himself of a long, sharp chisel. When the carpenter looked around the madman gave a grin and poke of the chisel at him; whereupon the terrified man of chips scuttled out and locked the door; then, while the enemy was battering away at it, he rushed around and locked the door at the other end.

Having thus caged Jones, he gave the alarm, and I, supposing it was an ordinary case which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush for me, and I innocently bolted. The doctor was sent for. He came reconnoitering through the key hole, and ascertaining the enemy was at the other end of the room, he opened the door, and saw at once he could do nothing with the maniac.

Here was apparently a dilemma—a crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrollable, and armed with a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and to starve him out would be a tedious affair. The doctor did not hesitate long.

"Alfred," said he, "go down into the surgery, and fill the largest syringe with hartshorn, and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down, and brought back a quart syringe filled with hartshorn, diluted—for I didn't want to kill the man. Then the doctor, carpenter, and myself formed an army of invasion. We threw open the door and entered in the following battle array. I, being the shortest of three, marched first, holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our pop-gun flashed in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on my shoulder like a piece of flying artillery. Finally, in the rear, in the safest place, like all the great generals, came Dr. B.

The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall on a chair, eyeing us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced towards him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked, and the handle looked very long. When we got within a few feet of him, he jumped up and sprang towards me. Whiz! spatter! splash! went the hartshorn bag into his countenance—down he went like a dog—it would have knocked down a battalion; and while he was catching his breath we caught him. [Recollections of a Physician.]

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer WESER, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 10th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

The Saw Mill.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

My path lay towards the Mournie again,
But I stopped to rest by the hill-side
That glanced down o'er the sunken glen,
Which the Saw and Water-mill hide,
Which now, as then,
The Saw and Water-mills hide.

And there, as I lay reclined on the hill,
Like a man made by sudden *quail* ill,
I heard the water in the Water-mill,
And I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!
As I thus lay still,
I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!

The saw, the breeze, and the humming bees,
Lulled me into a dreamy reverie,
Till the objects round me, hills, mills, trees,
Seemed grown alive all and every,
By slow degrees
Took life as it were, all and every!

Anon the sound of the waters grew
To a Mournieful ditty,
And the song of the tree that the saw sawed
through,
Disturbed my spirit with pity,
Began to subdue
My spirit with tenderest pity!

"Oh, wanderer! the hour that brings thee
back
Is of all meet hours the meetest.
Thou now, in sooth, art on the Track,
Art nigher to home than thou wastest;
Thou hast thought Time slack,
But his flight has been of the fleetest!"

"For thee it is that I dream such pain
As, when wounded, even a plank will;
My bosom is pierced, is rent in twain,
That time may ever bide tranquil,
May ever remain
Henceforward untroubled and tranquil.

"In a few days more, most Lonely One!
Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
Thine eyes from the glare of the world and sun
'Mong the urns in yonder dark vale,
In the cold and dune
Recesses of yonder dark vale!"

"For this grievance not! Thou knowest what
thanks
The Weary-souled and Meek owe
To Death!"—I awoke, and heard four planks
Fall down with a saddening echo.

I heard four planks
Fall down with a hollow echo.

CAPTAIN POSITIVE.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

A French veteran with one arm was seated before the door of his neat cottage one evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads, who with one voice entreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:—

"In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no; when we fought, it was for the honor of France, and against her foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 6th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept at a respectful distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians put together. For the last few days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensk, where we should be certain of finding food, fire, brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harrassed by bands of Cossack riders.

"We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No sitting or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain: he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then

stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"*Morbleu!* captain, said I, bending over him, 'you can't lie there.'"

"You see that I *can*, because I *do*," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus;" and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me, and tried to walk; but in vain: he fell once more, dragged me with him.

"*Jobin!*" said he, "'tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go:—at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my mother. Go to see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all.

"Is that all, Captain!"

"I said so. Good by, and make haste."

Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

"No, captain," cried I, "I won't leave you: either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you."

"I forbid your staying."

"Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"If I escape, I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now, you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow!"

"Very likely, captain; but you must come with me."

"He bit his lips with anger but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burden I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, and could perceive nothing but the white silent plain around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping towards me, their lances in rest, and shouting their fiendish war-cry.

"The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his hoof on my left arm, and crushed it to pieces. Boys, I did not say a word; I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks dispersed.

"When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured, would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low-sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse—stepped towards me, saying, "What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth, sire," said one of his followers. "I saw him marching behind the column carrying this officer on his back."

The Emperor—for, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said, "Tis well. You have done very well." Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-natured beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, "cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition-wagons. Adieu!" And waving his hand towards me, he passed on."

Here the veteran paused and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us about the cross, and what became of Captain Positive," cried several impatient voices.

"The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys; I wear that in my button-hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!" And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended round his neck.

JUST DISCRIMINATION.—At one of the late grand reviews in Eastern Prussia, says a German paper, a brigade of artillery was ordered to pass at full gallop over a piece of uneven ground intersected by a ditch full of water. One of the guns, from the horses not making a sufficient spring, got stuck in the ditch. The first gunner, a man of great strength, jumped down into the water, and, setting his shoulder to one of the wheels, lifted it out of the mud, and, resuming his seat, the gun crossed the ditch. Prince Augustus of Prussia, who came up at the moment, cried, "Bravo, my lad!" and tearing off a strip from his sash, gave it to the artilleryman, telling him to fasten it to his sword belt in remembrance. In the evening the soldier, when in his barracks, was surprised by receiving a gratuity of 150 gold crowns. A short time afterwards another artilleryman, having heard this anecdote, wished in his turn to display his strength. Prince Augustus, when one day at the arsenal of Berlin, ordered a 24-pounder to be mounted on its carriage. The man in question immediately raised the piece from the ground, and, unassisted, put it on the carriage. The Prince, however, said, "This man is a fool; he has risked his limbs and wasted his strength without any necessity. Let him be under arrest for three days."

THE UNFORTUNATE CIPHER.—The Marseilles Gazette tells the following curious anecdote relating to one of the first commercial men of the town. This gentleman, having a business correspondent on the African coast, bethought him some time since, that as some members of his family had shown a partiality for monkeys, he might gratify them by sending for one or two specimens of these animals from Africa. Accordingly, he wrote to his correspondent to procure two or three, of the finest and most admired species, and transmit them to Marseilles. Chance so ordered it that the merchant, in putting down the *on* (in English or), between the figures 2 and 3, made the 0 very prominent, while the 2 remained scarcely visible.

"What great events from trifling causes spring."

Some months afterwards, a ship-porter came in all haste to the old merchant, and announced to him that his menagerie had arrived. "Menagerie!" cried the merchant. "Yes, a menagerie; a whole cargo of monkeys had arrived to his consignment!" The merchant could scarcely credit the announcement, until the letter of his correspondent

was put into his hands. In that epistle, the African negotiator, a man of the most uncompromising exactitude, excused himself very earnestly for not having been able, with all his exertions, to procure more than 160 monkeys, in place of the 203 ordered; but promised, as soon as possible, to fulfil the entire demand. The feelings of the honest merchant may be guessed, when, on moving down to the quay to satisfy himself on the subject by ocular inspection, he beheld his 160 monkeys, all duly caged and littered, and grinning at him with the most laudable pertinacity. It was a moment when a man might reasonably doubt whether it would be best to laugh or cry. So much for the value of ciphers!

A BEARISH REMEDY FOR A COLD.—John Abel, an English musician of the time of Charles II, gifted with a tenor voice of the most remarkable beauty and strength, was one of the chief singers of the choir of the royal chapel. In 1688 he was exiled from England on account of his religion. Matheson, a German author (in his *Wollkomm Capelmester*) ascertains that Abel was in possession of a secret by which he was enabled to preserve, in all their integrity, the fine qualities of his voice to an extreme old age. He was also a very skillful and graceful performer on the lute or guitar. Being of a wild and improvident disposition, he was at length so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged to travel through several countries of the continent on foot with his guitar slung across his back. In his peripatetic wanderings he arrived at Warsaw, and was sent for by the King of Poland, who wished to hear him sing. Abel excused himself under pretense of a severe cold. On this answer being made known to his Majesty, a peremptory order was dispatched to the unwilling musician to repair instantly to the court. As soon as he appeared he was led into a vast hall round which ran a gallery, in which was the king and a numerous company of courtiers and ladies. Abel was placed in an arm chair, which, by means of ropes and pulleys, was drawn up several feet from the ground, to the great astonishment of the catarrh afflicted singer; but this astonishment was quickly changed into terror when he saw a monstrous and savage bear let loose into the hall. The choice was then given him, either to be let down upon the floor to try conclusions with the shaggy intruder, or to gratify the king and the royal suite by the exercise of his vocal powers. Without hesitation he chose the latter alternative, and, it is added, was never known to sing with a stronger vibration of tone or a voice so perfectly clear and free from all symptoms of cold or hoarseness.

SCORCHING TO DEATH.—In the introduction to "Birds of Australia," Mr. Gould relates a distressing incident, occasioned by a flood in the interior of New South Wales. In the course of his peregrinations, he had once or twice visited a cattle station, where Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew gave him a cordial reception. The gentlemen had come from a distance to superintend the shearing operations, and Mr. Gould writes: "Seven days after my departure from their dwelling, heavy rains suddenly set in; the mountain-streams swelled into foaming torrents, filling the deep gullies; the rivers rose, some to the height of forty feet, bearing all before them. The Namil, having widely overflowed its banks, rolled along with impetuous fury, sweeping away the huts of the stock-keepers in its course, tearing up trees, and hurrying frightened men and flocks to destruction. Before there was time to escape, the hut in which Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew were sojourning was torn up and washed away, and the nephew and two men, overwhelmed by the torrent, sank and perished. Lieutenant Lowe stripped to swim; and getting on the trunk of an uprooted tree, hoped to be carried down the eddying flood to some part where he could obtain assistance. But he was floated into the midst of a sea of water, stretching as far as he could discern on every side around him. Here he slowly drifted; the rains had ceased, the thermometer was at 100 degrees, a glaring sun and a coppery sky were above him; he looked in vain for help; but no prospect of escape animated him, and the hot sun began its dreadful work. His skin blistered, dried, became parched and hard like the bark of a tree, and life began to ebb. At length assistance arrived—it came too late; he was indeed just alive, but died almost immediately. He was scorched to death!"

Who is Garibaldi?

To the Editor of The Metropolitan Record:

Just at this time, when a portion of the American press seem to have cast aside all decency and truth on the subject of what they facetiously term "Italian independence," in other words, Italian anarchy and despotism, when they are defying as patriots such material as Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, and speak of the former's brief but terrible reign in the Eternal City as "a gallant defense of Rome," it may not be interesting to your readers to call attention to an able editorial which appeared in The New York Courier and Enquirer of the 11th September, 1880, nearly ten years ago, in reply to a Mr. Avezzana, (previously Secretary of War to Mazzini,) who attempted to refute the charges of barbarity and vandalism brought against Garibaldi and his so-called Republicans in Rome.

The length of The Courier's remarks will prevent my giving more than a synopsis of its interesting details, showing conclusively that those gallant defenders of Rome had St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Quirinal, the Propaganda, and other noble buildings with their time honored and unapproachable works of art, undermined and charged with barrels of gunpowder, to be blown to atoms on the moment of defeat; also, that the Propaganda was surrounded and would have been destroyed by the Republican mob, composed chiefly of foreigners, no Romans, (so says The Courier,) but for the intervention of Mr. Cass, our Charge; also, that those model patriots butchered priests and peasants who refused to join their ranks, that to differ in opinion with a republican was death, that the several vessels and ornaments of the churches were destroyed or used for base purposes, that many splendid monuments and works of art were destroyed by them, and that Rome during the so called republic was in the hands of lawless bands of ruffians. To support the truth of these remarks, independent of the editor's (Col. Webb) own observations while in Rome, The Courier brings forward the authority of Mr. Cass, Mr. Charles Baudin, Commissioner from the Government of France, The Concordia of Turin, The Romano Monitor, both republican organs, and what The Courier says is evidence "entitled to more confidence from its unequalled impartiality and exactitude, and its unequivocal denunciation of the French expedition against the Roman republic," namely, the Roman correspondent of The London Times, from which The Courier makes copious extracts under dates of May 1, 2, 9, July 3, 11 and 23, 1849, to show the horrid state of things which existed in Rome during the reign of Garibaldi. The Times letter of May 2 says: "The Triumvirate are determined to resist, and that one general ruin shall fall upon the ancient mistress of the world in case they do not succeed."

The Times' letter of May 9 says, "The Vatican and Capitol are mined, and the barbarians will blow them up in case they are overpowered in a final assault."

The letter of July 9 says, "The determination stands prominent in the manifestoes of the Republicans to destroy all that renders Rome invaluable, and involve in one common ruin the property of the modern Patriarchs, and the historical monuments that render their residence the mistress of the world."

A letter in The Concordia of Turin, dated June 26, 1849, from an officer of the Republican army says, "The Quirinal is mined and charged with barrels of gunpowder; the same I can also say respecting other parts of Rome."

The London Times letter of May 1, 1849, says, "The Triumvirate has caused St. Peter's and the Capitol to be undermined, and that they are determined to spring the mine if the French succeed." It also gives an extract from the French Commissioners' report of the appearance of Rome after the defeat of Garibaldi and his ruffian hords, which, as The Times remarks, is drawn up with great care and scrupulous adherence to truth; and apart from this, its official character is sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. The extract runs as follows:—"They (the Republicans) took forcible possession of the holy vessels of the church, and of its gold and silver ornaments; they defiled the sanctuary of St. John de Latran by filling it up with sacks of earth and dirt; they have destroyed the coping of the walls of Rome, so picturesque and beautiful; they have ruined the upper part of the amphitheatre that had survived the wars of

Alaric, of Odoacer, of Belisarius, and of the Constable Bourbon; they have cut down all the beautiful plantations about the city, and in a great measure destroyed the villa Borghese, the villa Albani and the villa Parigi; they talked of blowing up St. Peter's, and answered every representation of the friends of art and humanity by saying 'The ruins of modern Rome shall be finer than those of the Rome of the Caesars.'

Such was Garibaldi's gallant defence of Rome, about which scribblers write so much and know so little. The Courier, with reference to Mr. Avezzana's absurd remarks defending his brethren, says: "In order that the whole case might be fairly presented to our readers, we courteously solicited General Avezzana to repeat his statement in our columns. This, from reasons best known to himself, he has abstained from doing."

The Courier adds, "General Avezzana might as well say that Rossi was never assassinated, that Pius IX was never besieged, that Abbe Ximenez was never murdered, that Rambianchi and his horrid gang of *financieri* never existed, that inoffensive Priests were not butchered at the Convent of St. Carlino in Transtevere, that the three peasants who complained of the destruction of their property in the suburbs were not cut in pieces by the revolutionary mob and thrown from Pont St. Angelo into the Tiber, that the Pope's civil guard were not disarmed and replaced by the mob, that the country about Rome was never devastated, that the Republican army was not mainly made up of foreigners of the worst class," &c., &c.

Would it not occupy too much of your space I could multiply extracts from Protestant authorities, such as the London Quarterly Review, Baillie's Young Italy, &c., to show the lawless and brutal spirit which animates those Italian Revolutionists, their total want of religion or respect for the rights of others, yet Mr. Avezzana, President of the Italian Society of this city, at a meeting held at the Cooper Institute, the 29th October last, organized a subscription to purchase one thousand muskets for "Garibaldi," to defeat the Pope.

The barefaced impudence with which some of our newspapers daily misrepresent the affairs of the Pontifical States, and other Catholic Governments would be amusing, were it not calculated to create a rotten and unsound public opinion, which has ever been the policy of Protestant toward Catholic governments, and were there no English or American emissaries, whether political or religious, newspaper letter writers or Revolutionary Propagandists to keep the minds of the people of these countries in a constant ferment, and oblige their respective governments to use a strong arm, for the safety and welfare of the orderly and well disposed. Reforms all that could be desired would have been made long since.

Those patriotic newspapers never inform us of what grievances the people of Italy have to complain; they never inform us that the taxes in Rome are lighter and crime less frequent than any other city in the civilized world, that it abounds with institutions for public instruction and charity, and that the arts and sciences are fostered not only in Rome but throughout the Italian States. They call the Pope and his ministers tyrants, but they forget to mention their providing for the families of those who were accidentally shot at Perugia, or that the Pope, out of his own private purse, redeemed Garibaldi's worthless paper money which he (Garibaldi) thrust upon the Roman people.

As an instance of the justice and consistency of non-Catholic newspapers towards the Papal Government, a band of armed radicals enter a portion of the Pope's dominions—Perugia—and are joined by the Dead Rabbits and Plug Uglies of the locality. In conjunction they seize upon the Government and drive the constituted authorities from their place. The Pope, as any sovereign would and should, sends his troops (which the Protestant world calls emissaries, what was Victor Emmanuel's French Army?) to restore order, every peaceable means are used to induce the insurgents to abandon their treasonable and lawless course without effect, the Papal troops are fired upon, and as a natural consequence a serious collision takes place, when, as in all such cases, some innocent persons are killed. This is the plain and simple truth, and what the newspapers grandiloquently term the "Massacre of Perugia." Now suppose that a

band of English Chartists were to land in New York, and to call upon the various gangs of ruffians who infest our city to join them in overturning the Municipal Government, which in all conscience is corrupt and had enough to be overturned long ago, would not the Federal or State Government be justified in sending an armed force to put them down, or if necessary shoot them down, as in the case of Harper's Ferry. This a bad rule that would work both ways.

Newspapers may splutter and lie and distort as they will. *The Pope will keep his dominions*, if he loses any portion of them for a time—it will only be for a time. France, Austria, Spain, Italy the Catholic world still lives, facts which whisper in the Jackal Victor Emanuel's ear, that the day he should place his sacrilegious foot in Rome would sound his death knell.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE CARPET BAG.—Among the most common of street sights is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet bag. So common is it that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A little carpet bag is no more noted than an umbrella or walking stick in a man's hand, and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his finger in the face of porter extortionate. No trotting ruffian is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so slight a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after their trunks and trappings, he enters and has the best seat. And his "little all" never part company. On arriving at their destination they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood. In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet bag, we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet bag in hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth. When he retires to rest at night, the presumption is that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cosy night gear. A little carpet bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion. No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by "a small bird's flutter," or "two smokes of a pipe," or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phrase. Why may not time, in like manner be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet bag may be said to contemplate about a couple of shirts' absence from home.

INCOMBUSTIBLE STUFFS.—The *Reportoire de Chimie Pure et Appliquee* publishes the following remarks by the celebrated chemists, MM. Debeverne and Elsner, on the various methods for rendering stuffs incombustible, or at least less inflammable than they naturally are. The substances employed for this purpose are borax, alum, soluble glass, and phosphate of ammonia. For wood and common stuffs, any one of these salts will do; but life and light tissues, which are just those most liable to catching fire, cannot be treated in the same way. Borax renders fine textile fabrics stiff; it causes dust, and will swell out under the smoothing iron; so does alum, besides weakening the fibres of the stuff, and making it tear easily. Soluble glass both stiffens and weakens the stuff, depriving it both of elasticity and tenacity. Phosphate of ammonia alone has none of these inconveniences. It may be mixed with a certain quantity of sal ammoniac, and then introduced into the starch prepared for stiffening the linen; or else it may be dissolved in 20 parts of water, in weight, to one of phosphate, and the stuff steeped into the solution, then allowed to dry and ironed as usual. Phosphate of ammonia is cheap enough to allow of its introduction into common use, so that it may be employed at each wash. Phosphate of ammonia is obtained by saturating the bi-phosphat of lime with liquid ammonia.

FACETIÆ.

POMPEY AND POTATOES.—"Potatoes," said Pomp Flatfoot, a learned darkey, while conversing with another "gemman of color," "is a herbarious, zoological vegetable, what grows all under ground 'sept de top, and dat bears a carnivorous flower at de bottom. Potatoes is berry good biled, and den dey am better roasted; but if you can steal de lard, de best way of all to fry him, because den de 'tatoes am meat, drink and sleep." Such am de great merits of potatoes."

A SHARP DOG.—London dogs are not destitute of a sort of Cockney ability. We knew one which was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, but as fire, just out of the oven, he instantly dropped, seized his money off the counter, and from that day changed his baker. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better behaved tradesman.

One of the neatest retorts ever given was that which Erskine met at the hands of Sheridan. It appears that Lord Erskine declared at a large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, "that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail." Upon which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with the following lines:

"Lord Erskine, at women pretending to rail,
Calls a wife 'a tin canister tied to one's tail';
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison."

But hurefore degrading, consider aright,
A canister polished and useful and bright,
And should it be a tin canister party hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last, however, one night she spied (or thought she did, which is all the same) the long looked for boots and legs. "Oh! Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson!" she screamed out, "there's a man under the bed!" "Is there?" coolly drawled her husband, "well, my dear, I am glad you have found him at last—you have been looking for him these twenty years."

"Speaking of speed," said a wag the other day, "I reckon they 'travel' some on the Hudson River Railroad. I stepped into the cars at Albany, got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at Tughekeepsie, spit out of the window at Poughkeepsie, and hit a man at Sing Sing. The telegraph poles looked like a close picket fence, and on going to the end of the train I found we had a ropewalk and a ten pin alley in tow, each filled with bribe; both stuck straight out, like the tail of a kite, without touching the track, and were used merely to steady the cars."

We overheard, the other day, a dialogue between two little boys, which amused us.—"What do you think I—my father the other day shot nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons with one barrel of his gun." "Indeed! but why did he not say a thousand at once?" (Replying reprovingly.) "Do you think my father would tell a lie for one pigeon?"

A rural visitor to the metropolis, describing the many strange and wonderful things he saw in New York, winds up by saying: "We saw the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and other hotels, and were troubled to know where the money was from all that, and then we paid our bills and felt relieved on that point!"

A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would all be undone. "Well," said she kindly, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens' Household words?" inquired a sombre magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough" was the feeling reply. The agent absconded.

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to a lover. "Why, may I not smoke as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order." He quit smoking.

There is a genius up town who can take a pair of skates and write a four months' note on the ice with such perfectness that in less than an hour the sun liquifies it.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?

Spriggs says that although there is no such thing as muzzleing the press in this country, there is plenty of book muzzling.

What is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two wings. Answer—It is merely a difference of a pinion.

Mrs. Partington says that a gentleman laughed so hard that she feared he would have "bust his jocular vein."

Anger your friend, and you will be surprised to find what a villain you are even in his estimation.

St. Francis Xavier.

As this man of God reflected
On his call to far Japan,
All his weeping friends objected,
All desired the holy plan.
Wind and weather, sea and billows,
Those they pictured in his eyes,
Much they spoke of watery pillows,
Sunken rocks and scowling skies.
Wind and tempest, vain endeavor,
Silence, silence, friends, I pray;
No true knight or hero ever
Heeded such ignoble play.
Speak no more of stormy dirges,
On their wings love's flame shall fly,
Speak no more of ocean surges,
They shall heave me toward the sky.
Ah! desist the childish prattle,
Seek not my resolve to quell;
Meaneast soldiers in the battle
Yield not to so weak a spell.
Spear, and sword, and barbed arrow,
Pistols, guns, and leaden rain,
Give them rather heart and marrow,
Glory's deathless need to gain.
Sharpen then your piercing edges,
Winds and storms, and rage and roar;
Bursting billows, ocean sledges,
Break in thunder on the shore.
All ye winds, from all your dwellings,
Wrestle on the briny plain;
Hearts at rest, your wildest yellings
Seek to scare or shake—in vain.
Thousand leagues of stormy water
Stay not him whom lust of gold
Urges on to rob and slaughter,
Lands unmeasured, tribes untold.
And shall he, too dainty, shiver
In some zephyrs humid breath,
Whose high aim is to deliver
Priceless souls from sin and death?

THE RATA OF NEW ZEALAND.—"One of the most extraordinary trees in a New Zealand forest," says Simmond's Colonial Magazine, "is the rata, which, originating in a parasite, grows to such a size as to rank amongst the giants of the forest. It first makes its appearance in the form of a tender vine, clasping the trunk of some huge tree with its long tendrils, and growing both upwards and downwards, and increasing in bulk at the same time. After a while the parasite, having killed the parent trunk, establishes itself upon its roots, sends forth numerous branches aloft, which again send forth aerial roots clasping the neighboring trees—and ultimately the rata occupies a larger space than any tree of the forest. It is under this tree that the curiosity so well known as the vegetating caterpillar is found. Instances have occurred of natives lying down to sleep under the rata having been found dead, and in consequence, it is now always carefully avoided by them." Well informed botanists, on the other hand, describe this singular plant as perfectly innocuous, and maintain that if natives have been found dead beneath it, their death was owing to any other cause than the rata.

From this description it would appear that the rata is botanically the same with the "bush rope" mentioned by Waterton in his Wanderings in South America: "A vine," says he, "called by the wood-cutters the bush rope, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demerara. Sometimes you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted like a cork-screw round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times, three or four of them, like strands in a cable, join tree and tree, and branch and branch together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and appear like shrouds and stays supporting the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship; while others, sending out parallel, oblique, horizontal, and perpendicular shoots in all directions, put you in mind of what travelers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree above a hundred feet in height, uprooted by the whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature, and hence it is that you account for the phenomenon of seeing trees not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots, though far from their perpendicular, and their trunks inclined to every degree from the meridian to the horizontal."

FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Sermon by Rev. Father Hewitt in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul.

On Saturday, the 3rd of December, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, a sermon was preached in the evening by the Rev. Father Hewitt, one of the Missionaries of St. Paul, in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Twenty-third street.

The Rev. Mr. Lafont addressed a few words to the congregation before the preacher ascended the pulpit, and stated that the collection, which would be taken up after the sermon, was to help to defray the expenses incurred in building the Missionary house of St. Paul, and he felt assured that he need say no more to induce them to contribute liberally as they were all aware of the good which had been effected through the instrumentality of the Paulist Fathers.

When he concluded, the Rev. Father Hewitt read the following text from Matthew, chap. 24, v. 14:—"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony to all nations."

The Rev. preacher made a long and eloquent discourse, of which we shall present a brief synopsis. He commenced by adverting to the life and labors of the great Saint, whose memory was that day honored, and whose zeal for the salvation of souls urged him to penetrate into unknown and barbarous countries to carry the knowledge of God to heathen nations. The Apostle of the Indies, said the preacher, by his ardent desire to advance the glory of God, and his ceaseless exertions for the spiritual welfare of his fellow creatures, was not surpassed by any of the original Apostles chosen by our Blessed Lord himself. He was also especially called and chosen for the work assigned him, but he added, instead of dwelling on the life of St. Francis Xavier, which was familiar to them all, he would rather allude to the condition of the Church in those far off countries of Asia and Africa, those two continents which presented the greatest field for the labor of the Missionary. He then presented a picture of the suffering of the martyrs and the progress of the faith in those populous countries of the East, where vast masses of human beings were crowded together, and the light of whose civilization could be traced back into the remotest ages. No Church but the Catholic, he observed, could contend with any chance of success against these ancient creeds, for it alone can boast great antiquity, more imposing ceremonies, and an authority derived from God. He next dwelt on the different results obtained by Catholic and Protestant Missionaries in these countries, and adduced the testimony of the Protestant Bishop of Victoria. On this point, speaking of foreign mission, Father Hewitt paid a high compliment to France, as the country which had done more than any other to promote the extension of Catholicity, and concluded by referring to the great missionary labor which lies around us in bringing our own people to a knowledge of the true faith and uniting America to the centre of unity at Rome.

Lecture on Catholic Education.

The Editor of THE METROPOLITAN RECORD delivered a lecture on Catholic Education, at the Cooper Institute, Tuesday evening, Nov. 29. There was a large number of the reverend clergy present, among whom were Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., Very Rev. M. McCarron, Rev. F. McNierney, Rev. Mr. Wood, Rev. Mr. Kinsella, Rev. J. Brady, Rev. Michael Curran, and others. The lecturer was introduced by Very Rev. Father Starrs, in a few appropriate remarks, at the conclusion of which he proceeded to address the audience. He commenced by referring to the deep interest which had been taken in the subject, and its vital importance to Catholics. He then entered into a comparison between the expenses of the school system under the New York Board of Education, and the schools under the Christian Brothers, in the course of which he showed that while it cost the former \$22 per year to educate one pupil, the latter could educate five pupils for the same sum. He also made a comparison between the yearly cost, per pupil, of education in the Jesuit's College in Sixteenth street, and the Free Academy, and proved from reliable statistics that while it amounted to \$35 in the first of these institutions, it was over \$100 in the second. Having dwelt at some length on this point, and exposed the injustice and unfairness of taxing Catholics for a system of which they

did not approve, he took up the charge that had been made against the Church, of fostering ignorance and of being opposed to the extension of knowledge, and quoted from Macaulay, Barnard, Kay, Laing, and a number of other Protestant authors, in refutation of the slanders. He also proved by the same testimony that Rome was ahead of New York in the number of common schools, and that while Catholic France stood at the head of the educational movement, England was the last on the list. He concluded by a historical review of what the Church had done in former ages for the propagation of education, referred to the great universities and the innumerable schools she had established, and spoke of the various Orders among which the instruction of youth was a religious duty.

Death of Washington Irving.

It is with sincere regret we learn the tidings of Washington Irving's death, which occurred on the 28th of November at his residence in Sunnyside. He was one of the oldest and most popular of American writers, and one of the most genial—by turns the grave historian, the pleasant sketch writer, the graphic tourist, and above all the old, quaint, pleasant, well beloved Diedrich Knickerbocker. He was born in William street, New York, but the house has long since disappeared, forced to give way before the irresistible up-to-date march of business. Literature was not Mr. Irving's first choice of a profession; he had previously tried law, which he soon abandoned, he next became a partner in the mercantile house, which his brother's had established. The failure of this house had one good result—it forced Washington Irving into the "niche he was designed to fill." He visited Europe, which he made his home for many years, and enriched American literature with many works as the result of his travels. His "Tales of the Alhambra," "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," "Bracebridge Hall," "Legends of Spain," and many others, are recollections of his European tour. "A Tour on the Prairies" and "Astoria," are the result of a journey he made in company with the Commissioner for removing the Indians west of the Mississippi. He was Secretary of Legation for some years in London, and to prove his adaptability for every profession, we must not omit to mention that in the year 1814 he was Colonel in the military staff of the Governor of New York.

Every mark of public respect was paid to his memory. On all the public buildings and many private dwellings, on the shipping, steamboats, hotels, fire-bell towers, the flags were set at half-mast, the whole city was in mourning. A deputation of the Common Council and a large number of our citizens attended the funeral which took place at Tarrytown. Mr. Irving was almost seventy-seven years of age, having been born in 1783.

THE FAIR AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—The great fair which is to surpass everything of the kind ever held in New York commenced last Monday, the 5th inst., at the Academy of Music, and will continue till the 15th. The ladies who have had charge of the getting up and by whom it is to be carried on, are deserving of all praise for the wonderful energy with which they have worked for this noble charity.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the various and valuable articles which they have gathered together, but there is one which should not be passed over. This is nothing more nor less than an immense quarto volume of autographs of the great and distinguished characters of the last five or six centuries. The volume itself is a perfect chef d'œuvre of the art of binding.

There is besides a real literary curiosity which is nothing more nor less than a manuscript copy of the Bible, some six hundred years old—a curiosity which some people would, to use an expressive phrase, give their very eyes for.

The fair is open all day, and Dodsworth's band is engaged the whole time, so that the Academy will be the most popular place of amusement in the city while the fair lasts.

A PLEASANT EVENING AT PALACE GARDEN.—A pleasing and diversified entertainment was given at this popular place of amusement on Wednesday, Nov. 30. The object was to obtain the means necessary to aid in the completion of the parochial house of St. Michaels in Thirty-first street, and the hall of the Palace Garden never witnessed such an immense

concourse of people inside its walls for any purpose before. It was a perfect success, in every sense of the word. Long before eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the entertainment, it was literally impossible to obtain admittance. The accomplished Miss Teresa Esmonde, so well and favorably known to the New York public, was introduced by W. E. Robinson, who made a few appropriate remarks, which were well received. Miss Esmonde read some of her best selections, and in her best style. The audience were as pleased as an audience could be, and showed it by their repeated applause. Altogether they had a pleasant time, and the occasion will not be soon forgotten.

ORANGE GROVES OF ST. MICHAEL.—The orange plantations or quintas of St. Michael are of large extent, always enclosed by a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c., to protect the orange-trees from the sea-breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep, (lined with pieces of lava and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya and broom,) until the tender orange-plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no farther care is taken of it, beyond tarring occasionally the stem to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges; a gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. The crops are purchased, previous to their arriving at a state of maturity, by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the year's probable produce through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops gain a livelihood thereby, and such is the skill whereto they attain, that by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off; a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night; or it may be entirely destroyed by insects. Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighborhood which is quite delicious.

SAGACITY OF THE CAT.—Passing by the back window of a neighbor's house a short time since, I saw a favorite tom cat seated on a table near the window beside a narrow necked cream jug containing milk; no person was in the kitchen. He was smelling the milk and endeavoring to reach it with his tongue, but could not; at last he inserted one of his fore paws and withdrew it, the fur saturated with milk; after he had licked it clean he dipped again, and kept repeating the process as long as I remained outside, observing him, which I did for several minutes, and then left him to his employment, for I thought he had well deserved his reward by his ingenuity.

SANTA CLAUS.—TOYS, FANCY ARTICLES, GAMES, BOOKS, Paper Dolls and Houses, Fruit for Christmas Trees, Statues of the Blessed Virgin and Crucifixes in Porcelain, Military Caps for Young America, Swords, Dominoes, Playing Cards, Motto Paper and Toys, Box Toys, Villages and Towns, Castles, Menageries, The First Tea Set, Indian and Cavalry, Transparent Sticks, Paint Boxes, Noah's Ark, Grace Hoops, Tool Boxes, and a thousand other articles, selling at very low prices during the Holiday season, at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S very cheap store, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND STILL CONTINUES UNREST
ABOUT THE DESIGNS OF LOUIS
NAPOLEON.

The French and English War of the Press
Rages as Fierce as Ever.

MORE COAST FORTIFICATIONS IN
FRANCE.

RUMORED RESIGNATION OF GARIBALDI.

THE WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND
MOROCCO.

See, See, See.

The following are the principal features of the news brought by the Europa, which left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 19th ult. It is seven days later than that published in our last number.

IRELAND.

GREAT MEETING OF SYMPATHY FOR THE POPE.—In Dublin on Tuesday, Nov. 15, a meeting was held in the Round Room of the Rotunda, "to adopt an address expressive of sympathy with the Holy Father in his present sufferings." The meeting was called for 8 o'clock, but long before that hour not only the Round Room, but every approach to it, was thronged to excess. The Freeman's Journal says: "After the place of meeting was filled in every part, immense crowds remained outside and in the neighborhood of the building during the proceedings, manifesting the warm interest felt in them. It was in all respects one of the greatest, most important and most significant demonstrations ever witnessed in this city." Among those present were: The O'Donoghue, M. P.; John P. Hennessy, M. P.; John F. Maguire, M. P.; Very Rev. Dr. Spratt; Professor Hennessy, Rev. Dr. Anderson, Very Rev. Canon Pope, Rev. J. A. Dunne, Dr. Andrews, Rev. Dr. Murray, Rev. Mr. Irwin, Canon O'Dwyer, I. P.; Dr. Kirwin (City Coroner), John Kelch, and a large number of influential clergymen and laymen.

The O'Donoghue, M. P., occupied the chair, and delivered a long and able speech, in the course of which he said: "Our English statesmen assume a tone of great moderation and of great respect for constitutional privileges, and of the rights of nations to choose their own government. [A Voice.—Why don't they give us the chance?] [Loud cheers.] But then, antipathy to Rome has carried them too far, for they have enounced the principle that the people are justified at any moment in overturning existing institutions, and they have gone the length of denying the right of the legitimate sovereign, with the title of ages, to suppress by force the revolt of a small number of foreign intruders in his dominions. [Loud cheers.] Yes, my fellow-countrymen, the English press and English statesmen have had the hardihood to do this at a time when, recollect, Europe still shuddered at the means employed by England to put down the Indian revolution, and at the remembrance of the horrors that were poured out on the unfortunate children of Hindostan—[hisses]—horrors which the vocabulary of slaughter is inadequate to describe. [Hissses.] We all know what respect they have for our opinions. We are all old enough to recollect the expression of opinion that was given in this country under the auspices of the great O'Connell. [Tremendous cheering.] We hear a great deal of the grievances suffered by the subjects of the Pope, and the French and Austrian occupation is relied upon to prove the statement. But the facts show that the occupation of the French and Austrian armies is accounted for very naturally and very simply, on very different grounds indeed. We all know that Pope is a man of peace, that it never could occur to his truly Christian and paternal heart to make war upon his neighbors. No one ever dreamed or supposed that the Pope intended by force of arms to add to the States of the Church. The armed force at his disposal is consequently very small, barely sufficient to discharge the duty of police, scarcely worth the name of an army. But he did not repine at that—he relies upon the piety of Christendom to preserve him from insult and danger. [Cheers.]

A long and interesting letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was then read, which we regret we are unable to give this week. A letter of sympathy from the Right Honorable Moore O'Ferrall, M. P., having been read,

Mr. P. Hennessy, M. P., moved the following resolution:

"That this meeting is of opinion that the attempt now making to deprive the Holy Father

of his temporal possessions is a violation of public justice; that the conduct of the promoters is an incitement to the people of all nations to disregard the duty of lawful allegiance, the rights of property, and all the principles of honor; and that if not at once checked, its consequences must be to interfere with the legitimate operations of the spiritual government of the Supreme Pontiff, and thus interfere with the exercise of the Catholic religion throughout the world.

Mr. Hennessy said it was well to remind the Holy Father that the Irish members held a most powerful position in the House of Commons—never was there a time when the votes of half-a-dozen men were more needed. The time for action of the most serious kind had come. [Hear.] Not only had they the greatest enemy of Catholicity (Lord Palmerston) against them; that leprechan of politics, Lord J. Russell; and that eloquent sophist, Mr. Gladstone; but they had also a Cabinet Minister of the late Government, Lord Ellenborough, who was going to send arms to Garibaldi; but his answer was, that they would not only send arms, but they would send men. [Loud cheers.] He was writing to Lord Brougham on private business, and he took occasion to allude to Lord Ellenborough's letter, and he trusted that that letter would have the effect of stopping the anti-Papal crusade in the House of Lords. [Cheers.] He had pointed out to Lord Brougham that Garibaldi was a member of a secret society in Italy, the third rule of which was: "If the victim, whom we as secret judges condemn, escape, he shall be instantly pursued, and shall be struck dead, whether sheltered on the bosom of his mother or in the tabernacle of Christ." [Loud cries of execration.] That was the style of politicians with whom English statesmen sympathized.

Mr. Carew O'Dwyer seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

Professor Hennessy, F. R. S., proposed the next resolution, which was as follows:

Resolved, That this meeting indignantly repudiates as unfounded those charges against the temporal government of the Holy See which are so industriously circulated by the instigators of the invasion of the Papal territories; and that it views with apprehension for the interests of European civilization, any attempt to interfere with a venerable institution, at the same time protesting in public peace, and the promoter and protector of knowledge and the arts, and whose laws are at present administered by a sovereign pre-eminently distinguished for the paternal lenity of his rule, and his possession of the virtues suited to his exalted dignity as Supreme Pastor of the Church.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Sullivan and carried unanimously.

The next resolution was moved by Mr. P. O'Brien, M. P., which, together with an address to the Pope, was unanimously adopted:

A vote of thanks to the Chairman having been proposed, Mr. Maguire, M. P., took the opportunity of saying: "In the House of Commons I shall be ready, please God, to stand by my fellow Catholic members in defense of the principles which you have so nobly enunciated here to-night. [Cheers.] The last time that I did deal with the question was on the floor of the House of Commons, and in the face of the Ministry then occupying the treasury benches. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] For myself, I go as one Catholic member to the House of Commons, knowing no difference between one party and another, being as ready to break a lance with the leader or follower of Conservatism as with the leader or follower of Whiggery. [Cheers.] I know no difference. I am utterly purged of the leaven of party, and I trust that we will have in the next Parliament an independent body of men—[cheers]—who will be as ready to smile on the left hand as on the right—as the left or the right will deserve punishment or reward. [Cheers.] I am most impartial. I have no sympathy save for Ireland and for Catholicity. [Cheers.]

The vote of thanks was passed amid loud cheering, and having been acknowledged, the meeting separated, cheering loudly for his Holiness the Pope. Cheers were also given for the O'Donoghue and the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt.

A **POSSIBLE**—The Nation has an article criticizing Lord Ellenborough's letter on Italy, in which the following extract appears:—

"I will hope that, stimulated by the insults to Italy which are conveyed in the demands France is about to make in the Congress, they will rise to vindicate their right to choose their own government, and clutch the arms by which alone they can be secured."

"The 'right of the people to choose their own government' forms the *vertebra* of many

a leading article in the English papers. The following paragraph is taken from one of the London organs, and gives the key note of a long composition:—

"As free Englishmen, we assert the rights of the Romans, and all nations, to have governors of their own choice."

"Now," says The Nation, will these 'free Englishmen' acknowledge the right of the people of Ireland to have 'governors of their own choice'? Will they allow the Irish people to declare their own choice in a free and fair election? They will do nothing of the kind, for reasons well known to themselves. But how can the Irish people, being entirely unarmcd, and, therefore, according to Lord Ellenborough, worthy of no respect, ask any such request of England? Let them first act on the hint supplied by his Lordship, and furnish themselves with a 'million' muskets; after doing which it is highly probable that any requests they make will receive respectful attention."

IRISH MINES.—The Wicklow Mining Company lately held their half-yearly meeting, and it may perhaps be classed among the most extraordinary ever held in Ireland. Not only was a dividend at the rate of eighty per cent. declared, free of income tax, but, in consequence of the accumulation of funds caused by the sale of capital, the directors, who are the chairman, the third dividend paid within the year; so that, in fact, more than the whole amount of the capital has been distributed during one year in dividends. After payment of the dividend, a sum of £1,869 was added to the surplus fund.

THE FATAL RIOT AT THE LIMERICK ELECTION.—In the Queen's Bench, on Monday, a motion was made in the case of "The Queen v. Edward G. Bell, R.M.," to change the venue to the county of Limerick, or such other county as the Court might be pleased to direct. After a long argument the Court ordered that a suggestion should be entered on the record to have the trial take place in the County of Clare. It will be recollected that the charge against Mr. Bell is that he ordered the police to fire upon the people during the late Limerick election—that three persons were killed and several wounded—and that at the late Limerick assizes an indictment for manslaughter was found against him.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TRAM.—His Grace the Archbishop has addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston upon various topics including mixed education, the Italian difficulty, and tenant right. We quote a paragraph from the letter to indicate its general character:—"Whilst we sympathise with the sufferings of the Holy Father and reprobate the tyrannies that are striving to overturn his legitimate power, we cannot forget or overlook the systematic oppression to which our own people are continually subjected. If the secure possession of property be the strongest and most expressive feature that distinguishes civilised from savage life, it is not easy to understand what claims to the extension of civilization can be possessed by any government that leaves the land, the industry, and the tenements (if tenements such precarious dwellings can be called,) of an entire people, together with the fruits of that industry, as much at the mercy of a landlord as any wandering tribe was ever at the beck of a barbarous chieftain."

TENANT RIGHT.—Mr. Sharman Crawford has addressed a letter to Lord Derby on this subject. Referring to the threatened evictions from his lordship's estate at Doon, Mr. Crawford says:—"I maintain that the landlord of the present day has not a commission to act the autocrat, and to revive the extreme power of the feudal tyranny of ages long past, over the abject slaves of serfdom." He calls upon Lord Derby, "to put his shoulder to the wheel, and to secure both himself and the legislature from the stigma of having taught the people of Ireland a knowledge of a wrong, and having withheld its redress."

The following is a letter from Wm. Smith O'Brien, in regard to the Liverpool, Belfast and Philadelphia Line of steamers:

CARHMORE, Oct. 27th, 1859.

MY DEAR MAYOR.—You will oblige me by conveying my best thanks to the Managers of the Liverpool, Belfast, and Philadelphia Line of steamers for the liberality evinced by them in forwarding from New York to Liverpool, the chair which has been presented to me by friends resident at Cincinnati, U. S.

I feel also much indebted to this Company for the co-operation which they afforded to my friends at New York, in demonstrations of kindness upon the occasion of my departure from that city.

I would wish also to be kindly remembered to Captain McGuigan, Captain of the Vico, who spared no pains to render my passage

across the Atlantic agreeable to me, an effort in which he obtained perfect success.

I remain, my dear Mayor,
Esq., very truly,
Yours, S. O'BRIEN.
To W. R. Ryan, Esq., Mayor of Limerick.
ENGLAND.

The London Times has again a disquieting article on the relations of England and France. It complains that in France every instrument that can work on public opinion is being employed to raise a violent spirit of animosity against England and the nation at large, and that the army are taught to look on a war with England as no remote. The Times cannot discover any serious question at issue between the two governments, and affirms that it is in the power of the Emperor alone to put an end to the state of things daily becoming more serious; and if he does not do so, there is a reasonable ground for drawing a gloomy inference from his silence.

The London Herald understands that Mr. Lever has again offered to charter the Great Eastern for twelve months, but the proposal was refused without hesitation by the directors.

The warlike article in the London Times of the 15th had produced a great sensation. The Paris journals generally say that the views set forth are exaggerations, and that the unfriendly feeling, if any exists, is entirely owing to the violence of the British press.

The harbor of Peacem, New Havre, is to be transformed into a military post and arsenal.

ITALY.

The exchange of ratifications at Zurich has been fixed for the 21st of November. The full power intrusted to Plenipotentiaries will then be withdrawn.

Letters of invitation from the French Government to the Powers which signed the treaties of Vienna, to send Plenipotentiaries to the Congress, had been dispatched. The seat of the Congress would probably be Paris, the Governments of Russia and Austria having signified a preference for that capital.

A Paris dispatch to The London Post says that the Powers invited to send representatives to the Congress, are those that signed the final act of Vienna, and the three principal powers of Italy. The Congress will then be composed of France, Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Sardinia, Rome and Naples.

It is reported that Cardinal Antonelli will represent the Pope in the Congress.

It was rumored in Paris that Gen. Garibaldi was about to resign and retire to the island of Sardinia. In confirmation of this, The London Post's correspondent says that Garibaldi has sent in his resignation of the command of the army in Central Italy. The King of Sardinia accepted it, and named him Lieutenant General of the Sardinian army.

NAPLES.

Orders have been given the Neapolitan Embassies to deliver a passport to all the Neapolitan exiles who may demand permission to return.

SPAIN.

Marshal O'Donnell had returned to Cadix, after having effected a survey of the coast of Africa. Military operations were to commence immediately.

Two British war steamers had succeeded in bringing off three hundred and fifty Christians from the small ports of Morocco.

A general massacre of fugitives was feared. The Spanish army, under orders for Africa, was estimated at 40,000, and have eighty pieces of rifled cannon.

A landing on the Atlantic coast of Morocco was expected in December.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

PARIS, NOV. 20, 1859.

No formal invitation to take part in the Congress, which is to be held on the 15th of December, has been sent by France to England; but Count Persigny has been instructed to arrange the preliminary conditions with Lord John Russell. The formal and official invitation will be sent to London from the Cabinets of Vienna and Paris simultaneously. The invitations will not be identical. Austria will propose that the Congress assemble in Paris, while France will abstain from indicating any place. It is certain that Austria, through the medium of Prince Metternich, has protested against the nomination of a regent by Piedmont, as such a regency would be contrary to the conditions of the treaty of peace signed at Zurich. It is stated that England also has made representation against the regency.

CHINA.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 6, 1859.

The Chinese Government has repudiated its treaty with the United States by refusing to open the ports of Suaniopl and Tarwan, as stipulated by treaty.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY,.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be fully informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Every care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve. Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous readings both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

New York, Nov. 8, 1888.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 871 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Five per year served by carrier..... \$3 00
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2 00

To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$5 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers..... 12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.
No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders and communications should be addressed to the Editor, No. 871 Broadway.

☞ This paper is published solely by JOHN MULLALLY, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1889.

THE WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MOROCCO—ITS PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES.

By this time hostilities have actually commenced between Spain and Morocco, and we shall look with interest for every arrival from Europe to hear of the progress of the war. We have already informed the readers of THE RECORD of the cause of the difficulty and of the outrages which had been committed, not only on Spanish commerce, but on the commerce of the Mediterranean, by the Riff pirates. There are, however, other provocatives, and of a territorial character; complaints and quarrels about boundary lines, which, as is well known in this country, are about the most troublesome to settle. It appears that Spain had laid claim to some land lying contiguous to the Spanish colony of Ceuta, which adjoins the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco. The claim was conceded, but afterwards refused, the Moorish Government having determined, after a reconsideration of the affair, to submit the question in dispute to the arbitrament of the sword.

Now, whatever question there may be in regard to the right or wrong of this boundary difficulty, we believe there is none as to the other *casus belli*, the depredations of the Riff pirates upon the commerce of Spain and other European nations. The pirates of the northern coast of Africa have always been the terror of the Mediterranean and the foes of commercial intercourse between nations. They have, it is true, been repeatedly taken to task therefor, and as in the case of Tripoli and our own country, they were taught a lesson which had a most wholesome effect; but they have never wholly abandoned their piratical propensities, and where they could indulge them with impunity against some

one of the weaker European States, they have never hesitated to capture their vessels and to reduce their crews to the worst form of slavery.

As our readers are already aware, France has not only shown a desire to assist Spain in this war, but she has actually contributed no inconsiderable portion of war material, in the form of both ships and men. The result of such a contest, under these circumstances, cannot be considered doubtful; but it would, in our opinion, be wrong to suppose that the French Government, having once entered the lists, will be satisfied with the defeat of the Moorish Emperor. Napoleon is actuated by another motive—a motive which the English Government, above all others, have been the first to divine. On the opposite side of the Straits of Gibraltar lies Tangiers, which, in the hands of a nation hostile to the influence of England in the Mediterranean, would not only act as a great counterbalance to the immense fortress which frowns down from "the Rock," but would absolutely neutralize its power, and thus render it comparatively inefficient for the assertion of English supremacy in that part of the world. It is true that Spain disavows the design that is imputed to her of wresting this important position from the possession of the Moorish Sultan, but no nation ever yet engaged in war with a certainty as to its result, and if, in the event of her proving victorious, she should allow it to remain a part of his territory, what guarantee can she offer that France will not require some indemnity for the part she shall have taken in the war, and the drain upon the French exchequer. Louis Napoleon has long regarded the occupation of Gibraltar by the English with dissatisfaction, and we believe that he has only been waiting for some such opportunity as he is now presented with either to neutralize the power of the English on the Mediterranean, or to destroy it for ever by driving them from this great stronghold. The English Government are well aware of his feelings on this subject, and the leading English statesmen betray the most nervous anxiety in regard to the position which France has already assumed towards Morocco. It may be that in this war will be found the prolific seeds of a greater and a more terrible conflict between the two great nations on the opposite side of the channel—a conflict in which, like that between the Spaniards and Moors, all the old and bitter antipathies of race, which have only slumbered, shall be again evoked—a conflict in which the flag that waved triumphant on the field of Waterloo may be trampled and dragged in the dust, and the termination of which may call up to new life those nationalities that have been so long oppressed by English misrule and tyranny.

AN ATTEMPT TO USE THE METROPOLITAN RECORD FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES.

Our readers are well aware that we have studiously avoided any allusion to party politics in the editorial columns of THE RECORD, and, that there might be no doubt whatever in regard to the character of the paper in this respect, we stated in the prospectus which still stands at the head of our first editorial column that "no part will be taken in political controversy, or in the disputes between partisan politicians." We refer to this feature in our paper at this particular time on account of a political advertisement which appeared within the last few days in THE NEW YORK SUN, and in which THE RECORD was quoted in support of one of the rival candidates for the Mayoralty and against the claims of his opponent. Now, the fact is simply this, that the matter so quoted appeared in our advertising columns, and, like all

other advertisements, was paid for according to the space it occupied.

The moment we were informed of the attempt which had been made to drag THE RECORD into politics and to make use of it in this way, we took immediate measures to correct any false impression that might have been created thereby on the mind of the public. We accordingly prepared a card for publication in the SUN, and on presenting it at the office requested that it should appear on the same page and if possible in the same place occupied by the statements of which we had such just cause of complaint. This card reads as follows:—

A CARD FROM THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN RECORD TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN.—The undersigned has read with deep surprise in THE NEW YORK SUN of December 1, statements prejudicial to the character of THE METROPOLITAN RECORD, of which he is the responsible editor.

THE METROPOLITAN RECORD is simply a Catholic family paper, and studies to abstain from politics in every partisan sense. The matter referred to and quoted in THE NEW YORK SUN appeared in the RECORD as an advertisement, which is never understood to express, necessarily, the opinion of the editor. It was inserted as an advertisement, it was paid for as an advertisement, and if the person who took it from THE METROPOLITAN RECORD had been candid, he would have acknowledged this.

The undersigned, as an individual, will cast his vote for the candidate who he thinks the most worthy, but there is no influence that could induce him to allow THE METROPOLITAN RECORD to become a utensil for any party, or for any candidate; and, as between the two whose names are published as having appeared in THE RECORD, the undersigned will not allow his paper to discriminate as to merits. It will be for the people of this city to determine that question—each voter for himself.

The undersigned has been personally applied to by a high public official, who requested that THE RECORD should endorse his views by publishing them in its editorial columns. This request was promptly but respectfully refused, and in this state of the case it appears rather ungenerous that a paper which has not and never will have, in its own name, anything to do with politics, should be dragged, as THE RECORD has been, into a column of political partisanship like that published in THE NEW YORK SUN.

JOHN MULLALLY,
Editor and Proprietor of the
METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Our card appeared the following morning in THE SUN, but in another part of the paper, while the statement of which we complained was repeated, and on the same page, although we had called at the office of the gentleman alluded to in the card, with the request that it should not be again published. Now such a proceeding as this may be regarded as justifiable according to the principles which govern some men, but it is a proceeding which no honorable man would be guilty of. We have, as we said, already protested against it, and we shall take care hereafter to prevent the repetition of such an unscrupulous act.

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE WANT OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

Our readers have already been made acquainted with the progress and results of the Irish revivalists, and it certainly is not our fault if they are ignorant of the efforts which were made in this city and the surrounding neighborhood by the Revivalist missionaries. We consider it our duty to note the various phases which religious fanaticism assumes, and also to show how far either the utter abnegation of religious authority or perversion of religious principles will lead men. The attempts which were made in the case of the Irish revivalists to prove miraculous interposition were publicly exposed, and the India ink impostures were too shallow and too absurd to obtain credence among any except the most deluded of the miserable fanatics.

In our own country we have seen, in the organization of free love and kindred associations, the demoralizing consequences that inevitably follow the denial of the

principle that in morals, as well as in the social relations, there should be a governing authority, and the assertion of the opposite that every man has a right to make a religion for himself—has the right, in a word, to the free exercise of his private judgment. True, the good sense of the people acknowledges the absurdity of such a principle, in view of the excesses to which the free exercise of the supposed rights it confers frequently leads. Here in one place we have a colony of free lovers established; in another a society of professed infidels; in another an association of communists, or those who deny the right to the possession of property, and who have for their motto the agrarian legend that "property is robbery"—none of which organizations could carry out their peculiar views and schemes in a community recognizing the authority and sacred character of religion, or having a proper regard for the inviolability of the family relations and the peace, happiness and well-being of society. Perhaps there is no country in which more toleration is extended to the peculiar isms referred to than our own, although occasionally public propriety is so openly and shamelessly outraged that the people, as in the case of the Mormons, and a free-love settlement in Ohio, rise up as if by common consent and expel them by force from their neighborhood.

It is not, we think, too much to say that the success, partial or otherwise, of these isms is the result of our utter want of religious instruction and training in the education of youth. Bring up boys and girls with fixed religious principles and you will rarely, if ever, find them engaging in conspiracies against the promotion of good morals. We do not pretend to say that when religious authority is fully recognized and the necessity for it omitted men will cease to be immoral, cease to indulge their criminal or vicious propensities, but what we do say is, that when men have fixed religious principles instilled into their minds during youth their criminality and viciousness seldom, if ever, exhibits itself in the organization of bodies which have for object the disruption of social order and the overthrow of religion, if that were possible.

GREAT UNANIMITY AMONG CATHOLICS REGARDING THE TEMPORALITY OF THE POPE.

At the present moment, when the peace of Europe is not worth three month's purchase, when difficulties spring up like mushrooms and one complication only gives place to another more complicated still; when jarring interests and rival powers and jealous nationalities, that cannot be reconciled and dare not be ignored, keep the political caldron of Europe seething and fermenting; the unanimity of Catholic opinion regarding the temporal power of the Pope and Catholic sympathy with the Holy Father is strangely suggestive. On this point all grades and orders of the Church think alike, clergy and laity, priest and people are of one mind. Among the Bishops of the West there has not been one dissenting voice and scarcely a silent one. French and Germans, Irish and English, Piedmontese and Italians have vied with each other in love and loyalty to the Chair of Peter. All jealousies and rivalries have been lost for a time in this noble emulation. No matter under what form of government Catholics live, under the Russian Autocrat or the American President, their views and feelings are the same, thank Heaven! are all united on this point.

Every day adds intensity to this feeling, and it must be no ordinary gratification to the Holy Father to receive these testimonials of sympathy and loyalty from children so far apart, and having scarcely

anything in common save the attachment to their faith and love for him. It has been the fashion to assert that Catholics were divided in opinion as to the necessity of the temporal power, that many were not liberal and enlightened for such mediæval opinions, but the compliment to the liberality of some, at the expense of Catholic feeling, is, we greatly fear, undeserved. If those persons who reason about Catholics would remember this one fact, that we are not too enlightened to go back eighteen hundred years for our religion, it would save them from a vast amount of mistakes. Let them remember that Catholicity is not a bran new creed, it is not the product of the liberality and enlightenment of the Nineteenth century, but neither is Revelation. Probably this will account for a great many of our short comings, our inability to comprehend the spirit of the age, our clinging to old faith and old forms, and even our desire to preserve in all its integrity the temporal power of the Pope. That such is the desire of the Catholic world we apprehend there can be now no doubt; never has there been more unanimity on any subject, and it is well that such an unmistakable expression of Catholic feeling has been elicited. There could not be a more favorable moment than the present for deciding this vexed question, and we feel that the discussion it has been subjected to, the probing and sifting it has undergone, has been designed by Divine Providence to strengthen and enroot it, it may be for new triumphs, or it may be for greater trials, as it seems good to Him.

CONTINUED DECLINE OF EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.

The British official returns of the number of emigrants who embarked at Liverpool for foreign countries during the month of October last, have been made public. When compared with the lists for the previous month, September, the papers show that the total of persons who resorted to that town for the purpose of shipment had declined by eight hundred souls during the thirty days.

The number of vessels which left the Mersey in October was twenty-three, and they carried out five thousand five hundred and twenty-six passengers. Three thousand two hundred and sixty of these were Irish, the remainder being English, Scotch and citizens of other countries. The main falling off was in the Irish passengers, and we have again to congratulate our friends of Irish birth in every clime on the fact.

If anything were wanting to demonstrate clearly the dangerous absurdity of leaving an Irish country and dragging one's self or family to Liverpool in order to ship for the United States, at a moment when the Galway line of steamers is in operation, it will be found in a reference to a list of fatal disasters which occurred in the Mersey during the late gales to vessels of every class, from the steamer Royal Charter down to the most humble collier.

Warned by such calamities, it is to be hoped that future emigrants from Ireland will so patronize the Galway, and all other lines of commodious and safe exit from home, as to develop the immense resources of their country as much as possible, and go on gradually decreasing their numbers in the streets of Liverpool until, instead of three thousand, not thirty of them will be seen there in a month.

NAVAL.—The U. S. war steamer Iroquois will leave this port in the course of a few days for the Mediterranean. The Mohican will sail in about a week for the coast of Africa. All letters for the officers and crew of the Africa and Mediterranean naval squadrons should be addressed at once to the Naval Lyceum at Brooklyn, from which they will be duly forwarded to their destinations.

CONSECRATION OF RIGHT REV. DR. LYNCH, CO-ADJUTOR BISHOP OF TORONTO.

Sermon by the Bishop of Kingston.

THE APOSTOLICITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Co-adjutor Bishop of Toronto, was consecrated on Saturday last at 10 o'clock, with great pomp and magnificence. It was the most imposing and the grandest ceremony of religion that has ever taken place in Upper Canada. The vast concourse of people, (about 10,000 persons,) combined with the presence of fifty Priests and ten Bishops, had a solemn and impressive effect. There were a large number of Protestants present in the Cathedral, besides many Catholics from a distance who had never before witnessed the consecration of a Bishop.

The procession proceeded, at the hour appointed, from the Palace to the Cathedral, where, having entered, the ceremony of consecration was proceeded with. There were then present the consecrating Prelate, Right Rev. Dr. Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto; Right Rev. Bishop Timon, Buffalo; Right Rev. Bishop Farrell, Hamilton; Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, bishop elect; Right Rev. Bishop Horan, Kingston; Right Rev. Bishop Pinsonneault, London; Right Rev. Bishop Guignes, Ottawa; Right Rev. Bishop Duggan, Chicago; Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Right Rev. Bishop Smith, Dubuque, Iowa.

The Bishop of Toronto looked remarkably well, and the effect of his deep sonorous voice was remarkable throughout the lengthy ceremony which followed. Bishop Timon, the saintly Bishop of Buffalo, looked somewhat feebler than a few years ago, when we had the honor of an interview with him. The Bishop of Hamilton bore himself with that severe dignity for which he is remarkable; he accompanied the new Bishop in the ceremonial. The Bishop of London looked very well indeed. The compliment paid to him by a Protestant journal (The Leader) has at least the merit of sincerity, and runs:—"Amid all the groups of Monsignori, Priests, Deacons, and Servitors, we were particularly struck with the contour of Bishop Pinsonneault, of London, C. W.; such a man deserves a Cardinal's hat and a stall in St. Peter's." Uncouth as the compliment is, it has at all events the merit of sincerity. We need not give the details of the consecration as it proceeded. These were sufficiently explained by books delivered at the entrance to the Cathedral, and for those who were not present, they can find them in a prayer-book or some work in a religious library. Suffice it to say that the rights were performed with great unction, exactitude, and regularity, under the superintendence of Very Rev. Angus McDonnell, V. G. of Kingston. The venerable V. G. of Hamilton, Very Rev. Mr. Gordon, acted as Deacon of Honor, and Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, of Toronto, as sub-Deacon of Honor. The Pope's Bulls were read by the Notary of the Bishop elect. At the Gospel, the Bishop of Kingston addressed the congregation. His discourse was characterized by his usual eloquence. In the following report, which we copy from The Leader, there is only a faint sketch given of its excellencies:—

THE SERMON.

The sermon in the morning was preached by Right Rev. Bishop Horan, of Kingston. The address was a forcible one, and purely argumentative in character. He took for his text St. Luke, chap. 5, verses 1—10 (Douay version), as follows:—

1. And it came to pass that, when the multitude pressed upon him, to hear the Word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesareth.

2. And he saw two ships standing by the lake, but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were mending their nets.

3. And going up into one of the ships, that was Simon's, he desired him to thrust out a little from the land; and, sitting down, he taught the multitude out of the ship.

4. Now when he had ceased to speak he said to Simon: Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

5. And Simon answering, said to him: Master, we have labored all night, and have taken nothing; but at thy word we will let down the net.

6. And when they had done this they enclosed a very great number of fishes, and their net was breaking.

7. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking.

8. Which when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus' knee, saying: Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

9. For he was wholly astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken:

10. And so were also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon's partners. And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt be taking men.

The preacher commenced by saying that our blessed Redeemer, after the fast in the wilderness after his baptism by the Holy Ghost, after He had begun the preaching of the Gospel, and crowds followed in his footsteps, to hear the words of wisdom that fell from His lips, He had not nevertheless selected any of his disciples to propagate the truths of the Gospel. But at the period mentioned in the text he was about to make his first choice. And who were those favored, none whom He selected for so high, so important an office? They were neither the great nor the rich, nor the powerful of the world, but poor, ignorant, illiterate men. Jesus walked on the shores of Galilee and He beheld some humble fishermen mending their nets, among them one who was Simon Peter. To these he said, "Come after me and I will make you fishers of men." Such were the men whom He made His disciples and bishops; but he did not reject the rich, and the powerful, and the influential, if they accepted the truth. The progress of that Church which He was about to establish did not, however, depend on the efforts and labors of men, but on His own name. There was nothing that exhibited more forcibly the wisdom of God than the selection of the first bishops of the Church. Jesus selected men whom, in a human point of view, were more to prevent than accelerate the progress of the Gospel, and He did so in order that by its great progress and success He would make more plainly visible the force of the truth, and His omnipotent power to shine forth. On that auspicious day he appointed men to go forth and preach, whose descendants now made known the gospel throughout the world. He (the Bishop) had thought it his duty to speak to his beloved brethren then present of the apostolicity of the Church, in order to show that this was the true and essential mark of the Church of God here on earth. The Almighty God in his love for man had established certain fixed principles by which we might be guided on our search after the true life. Those principles, like the beacon fire which directed the storm-tossed mariner to a place of shelter and security, should be kept before the eye of our mind, and we might rest assured that they would not fail to lead to a blessed haven of rest. He need not here tell them that the Church was established by the Apostles; the point to which he wished more particularly to direct their attention was, that the Holy Catholic Church at the present was the one whose head was the successor of the Apostles of Christ, in a direct line from the Apostles themselves. The chief object of our Blessed Lord in coming down to the earth was to establish a Church. In this Church were to be fully verified the promises so often announced by the patriarchs and so often spoken of by the prophets. In this Church were the sins of man to be forgiven; and its members were, in the language of scripture, to outnumber the sands of the sea. But as each successive generation was an object of God's compassion as well as those that had gone before, so was it necessary that the Church should last and its eternal benefits be enjoyed until the final dissolution of all things. Now, if it were one of the Divine objects that the Church should continue until the end of time, it necessarily followed that she must exist with an apostolic ministry; for the flock and the pastor, and the sheep with a fold, were terms so closely connected that neither could have an existence, and an application without the other, and as the presence of a living body showed the presence of a soul, so the existence of an apostolic ministry was the true and infallible sign of the presence of the Church of God.

Besides, there was another consideration which should be observed, and which would make them understand the necessity of this apostolic succession in the Church of God: it was the nature of the functions which the Apostles and their successors were called upon to perform—functions which did not come within the limits of human capabilities. If they took into consideration the solemn mystery and holy sacrifice on the altar, they must admit that these functions did not belong to human nature; and if they produced

the desired effect, it was not by the influence of the will of man, but by the aid of a supernatural power. Hence, to secure these results it was required that the minister should be a true and legitimate successor of the Apostles; and any person who could not prove his right to that title could not call himself the minister of God and the dispenser of his blessings. The Bishop then spoke of St. Peter and the divine commission which he received, claiming that the head of the Roman Catholic Church and its bishops being the successors of St. Peter and the Apostles, were the ministry of the true Church of God. He said it would be easy to adduce testimony in favor of the proposition that the supreme pontiff was the direct successor of St. Peter, and that St. Peter was ordained the head of God's church on earth; but the lateness of the hour, by the length of the impressive ceremony of the day, prevented him; and he felt more inclined to be brief from the fact that the religious convictions of his hearers were known to him. Let it suffice for him to know that they all believed in the truth of that article of the Roman Catholic faith which they repeated every Sunday morning: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church," &c. Those who could not bring forward that claim of apostolicity could not, for the same reason, have the title of true ministers of Jesus Christ. But in what manner were they to recognize the priest of God? The task was an easy one. As under the old dispensation they alone were recognized who derived their origin from the race of Aaron, so under the new dispensation these men who could show an uninterrupted succession between them and the Apostles, and who were sent by proper authority, were alone to be acknowledged as the ministers of the Most High. By this means could they distinguish between the true priests of God and those who were sent forth by societies whose very existence was due to the perversity of man. Another argument, independent of the miraculous acts of the apostles in their first preaching of the truths of Christianity and of the signs which were witnessed on the day of Pentecost, was the power which our blessed Redeemer gave them—an argument which should leave not the shadow of a doubt in the minds of all who would carefully examine the matter. Speaking to the chief of his twelve apostles, He said: "All power is given thee, either in heaven or in earth; as my Father sent me so I send you. Go forth to the conversion of the world." Here they had a mission given to the apostles in terms the most dear—a mission given to preach with the promise of His divine presence to direct and comfort them in their labors. And what was the conduct of the apostles when they received that mission? The first use they made of the divine power was to select men who should be their fellow-laborers in the sacred vineyard, who would be their successors to the apostolic work, and who would continue the labor after they had passed away. Thus they saw by the Holy Scriptures that Matthias was chosen instead of Judas, who had prevaricated and betrayed. In the same books they found that the apostles named bishops and sent them to the different churches which they had founded. In this manner began the apostolic chain which had come down uninterruptedly to the present, and another link in which had been added to-day by the solemn consecration of a co-adjutor Bishop for this Diocese. His hearers must admit that if those who had continued the work had any authority, or were vested with any power, they must necessarily have received it from those who were directed by Christ himself. Could they find, then, in any church a ministry which could trace back uninterruptedly to the apostles of Christ? Whilst all those societies which gave themselves the name of the Church of God could trace their religion no further back than the sixteenth century—to no more remote a period than that which was falsely styled the Reformation—the Church, at whose head was the venerable See of Rome, went back in its annals to the See of St. Peter, the Apostle of Christ himself. She alone could prove her authority, and establish beyond doubt the line of Pontiffs who received, one from another, the trust Christ confided to the chief of the apostles. If they had no other proof than the unbroken line of their Bishops, that would be enough to show that the Roman Catholic Church had an undoubted claim to be recognized as the Church of God. This Holy Catholic Church was presided over, as he had

already mentioned, by an unbroken line of Pontiffs; and she could point to them and say they never ceased for a moment to fulfil the obligation Jesus gave to his Apostles to go forth and teach all nations. And spreading as she did from sea to sea, and throughout every land, she still preserved the same rules of faith and offered to her children the same consolation and hopes of mercy which she did in the first stages of her existence. Although established among every nation, and among men of many different languages, she still caused them all to walk in the profession of the one faith, and taught the same submission to one supreme Pontiff, whom they recognized as the legitimate successor of St. Peter. This Church, regardless of the high mission she received, had never ceased to announce to the various nations of the earth the truths of salvation—she had never ceased to maintain a careful watch over the eternal interests of the people of the fold. He could refer to writers, sacred and profane, to show the importance attached in early times to the Apostolic succession, and the incontrovertible proofs which had been adduced from it. It would be sufficient to cite a few of those who were best known among ecclesiastical authors. The first writer to whom he would allude, who spoke on the subject was St. Dionysius, a man who was the disciple of Polycarp, the immediate successor of the Apostles of Christ. In a portion of his work he says: "Let men, the victims of presumption, vanity or blindness, fall into error; it is easy for us to confound them. We have only to show that the truths of the Apostles have come down to us by an Apostolic succession." Tertullian, in like manner, after reciting the names of those who had occupied the chair of St. Peter, and speaking to men who had gone away from the truth, made use of the following: "Let heretics now trace back their origin, and let them show us the succession of their ministry until they have arrived at the first who derived his power from one of the Apostles." St. Augustine, the learned doctor of the Church, in reference to the same subject, affirmed the truth of the Apostolic succession. If the arguments used in ages which were so little remote from the time of the Apostles were so strongly in favor of the succession and of its importance, then how much more strong must they be now after a lapse of eighteen centuries? The facts too of an Apostolic succession must not now be of less value or importance; and if considered of value and necessary at that time, it must now prove to be of corresponding importance. During the time that has passed since the first establishment of the Church of God how many revolutions had shaken the countries of the earth, how many thrones and nations had passed away, and how many great and powerful dynasties had become almost forgotten? And yet the Church of Christ founded on the Rock of St. Peter, had remained immutable as the heavens itself amid all these convulsions and rending of nations! In vain had the princes and kings of the earth assembled together and conspired against her; attacked on every side—surrounded by enemies who had sworn her ruin—she had continued tranquil in the thickest of the fight, and confident in the strength derived from God. He begged of them to cling closely to that Church whose children it was their happiness to be—let them endeavor to show forth in their lives and conduct the great benefits to be derived from following out the principles she inculcated. Let them remember that most of them had come from a far-distant land—and that thought should make the Church more dear to them; for their forefathers had suffered and bled for her in remembrance of Jesus. In the bosom of the Church they would find soothing balm, but out of her bosom there could be obtained neither peace nor happiness, honor nor lasting joy. In life she would encourage and offer consolation to them, and after death she would usher them into realms of never-fading bliss and happiness.

THE STAFF USED AT THE CONSECRATION OF RIGHT REV. DR. LYNN.—The staff which was used by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. Dr. de Charbonnel, at the consecration of the Coadjutor Bishop of Toronto, was composed of an old staff of the late lamented Bishop Macdonnell, and the crook was that used by the Abbot of St. Fillian to bless the Scottish army at the Battle of Bannockburn. It is of solid silver, with some relic enclosed behind a white stone, and the

workmanship conclusively proves its antiquity. We had the pleasure of examining it, through the kindness of William Henderson, Esq., in whose possession it was at the time. It is probable that such an interesting staff was never held on a similar occasion by any consecrator outside of the city of Rome. It was while kneeling before the Abbot, holding this blessed staff in his hand, that the English monarch remarked that the Scots were suing for mercy. He found his mistake, however. [Toronto Union, Nov. 25.]

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—Rev. Thomas Lyndon, of Scranton, says the Philadelphia Herald and Visitor of the 3d inst., died last Tuesday, the 26th Nov. His remains were brought to Philadelphia on Saturday last, and after a solemn requiem Mass in St. Philip's Church, were deposited in the Cathedral Cemetery.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BURLINGTON, N. J.—This edifice was solemnly dedicated on Monday last by the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley. The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to about thirty-five persons, among whom were several adults. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Bishop, which was more especially intended for the children. In the afternoon the same Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of persons at Mount Holly, N. J. [Herald and Visitor, 3d inst.]

ST. JOHN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, PHILADELPHIA.—It is truly gratifying to record the interest manifested in behalf of this large and helpless family of boys, numbering at present about two hundred and fifteen, and almost entirely dependent on the charity and liberality of the Catholic community, and for whom the Board of Managers would find it difficult to provide, unless sustained by those whom Providence has blessed with the means, many of whom have responded generously indeed to the call, and whose reward is recorded on high.

Since our last issue, the following amounts have been received and placed on the subscription list, yet remaining at the office of the Beneficial Saving Fund, 1205 Chestnut street:—Capt. P. O'Murphy, donation, per Right Rev. Bishop Wood \$53
Alexander M. Coyle, life subscription, per Charles McKee \$25
William Davis, U. S. Naval Asylum, per Rev. Dr. O'Hara \$5
[Herald and Visitor.]

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.—We are glad to learn, says The Herald and Visitor, that the suggestion of the parishioners of St. Patrick's, that a new residence be erected for the accommodation of the pastor of the church and his associates, has been favorably acted upon. The building is now rapidly progressing towards completion and will soon be ready for occupancy. The dimensions of the structure are 40 feet by 94. It is to be built in a plain, substantial style, and will afford ample accommodation for the permanent as well as for the visiting clergymen of the parish. The present residence is damp and unhealthy, and being closely joined to the church is thus rendered uncomfortably dark.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENN.—On Thursday, the 24th ult., Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, assisted by Revs. H. Monahan and T. Fox, gave the white veil and habit of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary to the following young ladies:—"To Miss Sarah Coll, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Angela); Miss Ellen Flynn, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Vincent de Paul); Miss Margaret Watters, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Paul); Miss Catharine Gorman, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Thomas); Miss Sarah Jane Kierans, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Gabriel); Miss Kate Arnold, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Patricia); Miss Hannah Carr, Philadelphia, (Sister M. de Sales); Miss M. Jane Duggan, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Bonaventura); Miss Margaret Fay, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Catharine). [Herald and Visitor.]

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH IN STOUTON, MASS.—We find in The Boston Pilot the following account of the dedication of a new Church at Stouton, Mass., dated from that place Nov. 24:—

To the Editor of the Pilot.

STOUTON, MASS., Nov. 24th, 1869.
This day was a great Thanksgiving Day for the Catholics of this town and neighborhood. The new Catholic Church was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and in honor of her Immaculate Conception. The imposing dedication service of the Church was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by Rev. Fathers Lyndon, of South Boston, McNulty, of North Bridgewater, and others of the clergy. High Mass was afterwards sung by the Very Rev. Father Williams, assisted by Rev. Father Roche, of Randolph, as Deacon, and Rev. Father Donahoe, of Boston, as

Sub-Deacon. Rev. Father Healy, of the Cathedral, officiated as Master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Haskins preached the Dedication Sermon, which was a panegyric of the Blessed Virgin, and was indeed a perfect gem. Father Haskins would confer a great boon on the Catholics of the United States by publishing this truly admirable discourse.

At the close of the last Gospel, the Rt. Rev. Bishop ascended the steps of the altar, and in a few simple remarks, full of paternal affection and encouragement, commended the persevering liberality of the Catholics at Stouton, who had erected so neat and chaste a structure to the glory of God, and his Lordship held up their conduct as an example worthy to be imitated by other Catholics in many parts of the diocese where there is, as yet, no Catholic Church. The Bishop bestowed a high and well-merited eulogium on the zeal and piety of the Rev. pastor, Father Flatty, to whose untiring efforts the Catholics of Stouton were, under God, indebted for the substantial sacred edifice, which was now the property of the diocese.

The church is 86 feet long by 45 feet broad, and contains sittings for 500 persons. It has a chapel, vestry, and two upper rooms behind the altar, besides a gallery for singers over the western entrance. It was built by Mr. Butler, of South Boston, on whom it reflects great credit. The singers' gallery is furnished with a seraphim, which, in obedience to the mastery skill of Professor Mooney, "discoursed most eloquent music." The South Boston choir of young men contributed their valuable services on the occasion, and their efforts gave great satisfaction to the congregation, which was large and respectable. F. J. N.

FOREIGN.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF CASTLEBAR.—A preliminary meeting of the Catholics of Castlebar was held in the vestry, immediately after second mass, on Sunday. The Ven. Archdeacon Browne, P. P., in the chair, to take into consideration the long and seriously felt want of church accommodation. The meeting was numerous and respectable, and was characterized throughout by the most gratifying unanimity. After much discussion and serious deliberation, resolutions were adopted, to the effect that the present chapel had become entirely unsuited as a fitting and commodious house of worship for the congregation; that, fully aware of the great and arduous undertaking of erecting a new church, we feel we cannot shrink from so imperative a duty; that a deputation of the inhabitants, headed by the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, P. P., deputed the Right Honorable the Earl of Lucan to solicit an appropriate site for the proposed sacred edifice. In compliance with the resolution, the following gentlemen were then nominated and requested to act as the deputation:—The Venerable Archdeacon Browne, P. P.; Dr. McGreal, Messrs. W. Gibbons, Thomas Walsh, Michael Hanrahan, James Fulkney, Thomas Forde, Thomas Cooley and Edward MacMahon, with power to add to their number. [Mayo Constitution.]

IMPORTANT MISSION TO JERUSALEM.—A letter from Rome of the 4th Nov., says:—"Mgr. Chigi has left for Paris. He has often been spoken of for the Nunciature at Paris, but, if we are well informed, it has been decided that he shall be sent to Vienna. Mgr. Spacca Pietra, formerly Archbishop of Trinita, is about to proceed to Jerusalem on an important mission from the Pope. For some years past the differences between the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the various religious orders established in the Holy Land have excited attention in ecclesiastical circles; and it now appears that the long resistance made by the Propaganda on behalf of the Patriarch has been overcome, that that dignitary will be sent to inspect some monasteries on Mount Lebanon, where a permanent post is to be provided for him, and that Mgr. Spacca Pietra is to replace him in the patriarchate of Jerusalem. The Roman Government some time ago conceived the project of reorganizing what is called the Pelagian Guard, the utility of which was to add to the pomp of processions and ceremonies in which the Pope attends. They appeared yesterday for the first time in the festival of St. Charles, in the Corso, in which the Pope takes part with great pomp."

THE PIEMONTESE PRIESTHOOD RALLY ROUND THE HOLY FATHER.—The news from Italy is conclusive as to the resolution of the Piedmontese priesthood to rally round the Pope, and join with their brethren of France in opposing the least symptom of spoliation of the temporal rights of the Holy Father. The letters of the Sardinian bishops are perhaps less warlike than those which caused the veto to be put upon their reproduction in the journals, but have a bitter vein of reproach running all through them, which may be more obnoxious to the government than even the manifesto of the Bishop of Orleans. The Archbishop of Turin, Fransoni, who has been for the last four years living in exile at

Lyons, speaks out boldly of the external aid given to the rebels of Romagna, and taken up one by one the divers acts of the Piedmontese Government, visiting each with the most severe and merciless criticism. He calls Turin "the impious city," and contrasts its present state of ungodliness with its former religious traditions, when it was regarded as the pattern city of Italy.

OPENING OF THE CHURCH AT LANARK, SCOTLAND.—The new church at Lanark was blessed, and the altar consecrated Nov. 9, by the Right Rev. Bishop Murdoch, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland. This day the church was solemnly opened. Bishop Murdoch celebrated Pontifical High Mass, the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, and a large number of clergy being present. A most eloquent discourse was delivered by the Very Rev. the Provost of Westminster (Dr. Manning). At three o'clock Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Murdoch, and a sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Christie, S. J., of Edinburgh (formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford). The church was dedicated to St. Vincent. London Weekly Register.

ECCLIASTICAL MISCELLANY.

Pastoral letters offering prayers in behalf of the Holy Father are announced from His Eminence Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims, and the Archbishop of Cambray.

The Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Ajaccio have adhered to the protestation of the Bishop of Orleans.

The Central Committee of the Catholic Association of Linz has sent an address to Pius IX in the name of all the Catholic Associations of that province. All these Associations protest solemnly against the usurpation of a part of the States of the Church.

On Sunday, the 20th inst., Mgr. Grandin, of the Oblates of Mary, appointed Bishop of Sahala and Coadjutor of St. Boniface, Hudson Bay, is to be consecrated by the Bishop of Marseilles.

The French embassy to Abyssinia has arrived at Alexandria. A Bishop is to be named for the capital of Abyssinia.

The Union states that the Archbishop of Modena and his suffragans, the bishops of Reggio, Corpi, Guastalla and Massa, have addressed a memorial to M. Farini, complaining of certain violations of the Church by the dictatorial government, and especially of the suppression of a religious order, and the sequestration of its property without the sanction of the Pope. They also protest against the imprisonment of several priests; the licentiousness of the press; the introduction of civil marriages; and all violations of the old laws respecting the acquisition of property by conventual establishments.

Mgr. Pompallier, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, has left Paris for Rome.

The Archbishop of Munich and the Bishops of Spire, Osnabruck and Ratisbonne, have published pastoral letters in behalf of the sovereign independence of the Holy Father.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, gave the pallium, on Thursday, the 10th inst., to the Archbishops of Bourges and of Toulouse, in the Chapel of the Congregation of the Mother of God, at Picpus.

Dr. Lommer, former professor of Divinity in the Protestant University of Berlin, and whose conversion to Catholicity was so much spoken of during the last year, is about to go to Rome to continue his theological studies. Dr. Lommer was ordained priest a few weeks ago. In a town of Central Germany nearly a hundred converts were presented to the Bishop to receive Confirmation.

The address of his Holiness from the clergy of St. John's Islington, and their flock, which in its English form, has received upward of 1,200 signatures.

With sincere sorrow, says the Roscommon Messenger, we announce the death, on the 31st October, at the Mercy Convent, Sligo, of Celia, (in religion Sister Mary Joseph), second daughter of Bernard Swenny, Esq., of Cahir.

His Holiness has admitted in the number of consultants of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, Mgr. Vincent Spaccapietra, Archbishop of Ancyra.

Osman Pasha has just received, as a present from the Pope, his Holiness's portrait, engraved on onyx and richly mounted. Services rendered by Osman when in office at Tripoli, with respect to the erection of a Catholic convent, have procured him this favor.

On Thursday, Nov. 19, the corner-stone of a new Catholic church in course of erection at Walker, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, was laid by Right Rev. Dr. Hogarth, the Bishop of Hexham, in the presence of a large number of the Catholic clergy and laity of the neighborhood.

There were also quite a number of Protestants present.

The Feasts of All Saints and All Souls were celebrated at Rome in the Basilicas, the parish churches and the Vatican, with the accustomed pomp. On the 3d, according to custom, his Holiness assisted in the sixtine chapel at the funeral service celebrated in commemoration of the Sovereign Pontiffs deceased.

Right Rev. Dr. Ryan has subscribed £1,200 toward the erection of St. John's New Cathedral in that city.

M. Mutinot, formerly a notary at Bar-sur-Aube, has bequeathed to the Chapter of the Cathedral of Troyes, France, his house at Arsonval, with the furniture it contains, the land round it, a vineyard, a rabbit-warren, and two small woods. According to the will of a testator, the property is to serve as a country residence of the Bishop of Troyes, and an annual rent of 500*fr.* is appropriated toward keeping the property in repair.

M. Pierre Faubert had the honor of a private audience of the Pope last week to deliver his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Hayti at the Papal Court. M. Faubert afterward had an interview with the Cardinal Secretary of State.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA ASCENSION.

Discourse of the Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G.

The consecration of the church of Maria Ascension, Forty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, took place on Sunday, December 4, at half-past ten o'clock. The celebrant was Very Rev. William Starrs, V. G., assisted by Rev. Mr. McNierny and Rev. Mr. Strele, the Pastor of the new church. Although the weather was very severe, a large number of the parishioners thronged the sacred building, anxious to be present at the first celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. The members of three German religious societies—St. Francis, St. Peter and St. Antonius Verrons—were present, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies marched in procession from the church in fine order, their hands playing sacred music. The church is a plain brick building, with seats for about eight hundred people. A full description of the church appeared in the columns of *The Record* at the laying of the corner-stone last May. Before High Mass commenced, the Vicar General addressed a few words to the congregation in English—the sermon being preached by the Rev. Pastor in German—congratulating them on the completion of the church.

You have every reason, he observed, to be pleased with the success which has crowned your exertions. So far as the rapidity with which this church has been constructed, it is creditable to all concerned. It is not much more than six months since the first stone was laid, and now we are assembled to assist at the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries in the new temple dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. This is creditable to the German congregation of this parish; it speaks well for your zeal and liberality, but you must not slacken in the good work; you must co-operate with your Pastor and work together in union and harmony. You have now the happiness of possessing a church in which you can offer up your united praise and adoration to the Most High; here you will bring your children to be purified in the regenerating waters of baptism; here they will come to be relieved of their iniquities, to lay their sins down at the foot of the cross; here they will be strengthened in Confirmation, and nourished by the Bread of Life; here you will all assemble to hear the Gospel preached, to offer up your petitions to the Throne of Grace; but, above all, to assist at the adorable Sacrifice of the Altar—the same sacrifice that was offered up at Calvary. And you should remember that as the Church is one, you also should be one. Let there be one heart and one mind among you; be united in faith and charity and combined in well-doing, thus will you resemble the Church of which you are members; and as she is holy, in thought, word and deed be you also holy, showing forth in your lives those children you are. Imitate her Catholicity by loving all, praying for all, and doing good to all. The Very Rev. preacher, after some further remarks, concluded by reminding them that if much was done much remained to be done, and that having erected the church they should not rest until it was clear from debt.

LITERATURE.

MARY STAUNTON; or, THE PUPILS OF MARVEL HALL. By the Author of "Portraits of My Married Friends." New York: C. Appleton & Co.

Mary Staunton has evidently been written to enforce a principle through the medium of an agreeable and well constructed story, though the tact which leaves that to be gathered from the course of the narrative, for a time deceives the reader into the idea that the pleasant work of fiction he is perusing has no higher aim than to amuse. The plot is neither very intricate nor very exciting, but it is natural and interesting, and the attention of the reader is undiminished to the close. The object of the authoress—for the volume bears unmistakable evidence of having been written by a lady—is not so much to write a story, though this she does incidentally, as it were, and well, as to show the pernicious effects of a system in high repute among us—the system of education adopted and carried out in our fashionable boarding schools. Mary Staunton, the heroine of the story, has been brought up at a fashionable educational establishment known as Marvel Hall, which bears the reputation of turning out the best dressed and most stylish young ladies, and which is under the supervision of Mrs. Marvel, a perfect adept in the art of teaching. In the opening chapter of the work we are introduced into this scholastic retreat, and permitted to judge for ourselves of the system there in force. Its effect on children of different characters is skillfully portrayed, rendering the gentle, nervous and timid; the self-reliant, callous and refractory, and all discontented and deceitful. The inefficiency of all substitutes for principle and morality is made woefully apparent in the after-lives of many of the pupils of Marvel Hall, while the failure of the systematized routine pursued there to arouse the intellect, is evident in the rapid flippancy of their confidential conversations. Mary Staunton, in whom the interest eventually centres, is the scapegrace, the Ishmael, of the establishment, punished by the teachers and avoided by the pupils—a self-willed, self-reliant, reckless, unprincipled, yet not naturally vicious, girl, who by her fearlessness and disregard of consequences manages to exert no small influence on the inmates of Marvel Hall. The effect of kindness in softening and humanizing this wayward nature is graphically described, and the slow but gradual growth of principle, of moral consciousness, the development of the girl's better nature, her struggle with confirmed habits and ultimate triumph, enlist the sympathies of the reader in no ordinary degree. Probably for the reason that it is not accompanied by any tedious moralizing, we are not regularly advised in every chapter of her moral and intellectual progress, but admitted to judge for ourselves how the ameliorating process succeeds. In fact, we look upon the scene rather than hear the description of it, and in this one fact lies the great charm of "Mary Staunton." The characterizing is excellent, and the varied fortunes of Mary's schoolmates give scope for strange incidents and striking contrasts, of which the writer does not fail to avail herself.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER; A HAND-BOOK FOR OVERLAND EXPEDITIONS, WITH MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND ITINERARIES OF THE PRINCIPAL ROUTES BETWEEN THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE PACIFIC. By Randolph B. Marcy, Capt. U. S. Army. New York: Harper & Brother.

A most useful and valuable work, in fact, almost indispensable for persons contemplating an overland journey to the Pacific, embodying as it does the knowledge and experience gained by the author during twenty-five years of frontier life. It contains an immense amount of information on all matters connected with prairie travel, such as the most suitable food, clothing and equipage to take, the best course to be pursued in cases of emergency or unforeseen danger, the habits of the Indians to be met on the prairies, the care of horses and cattle, the best positions for encamping, etc. In addition there are itineraries showing the distances between camping-places, the character of the roads, and the facilities for obtaining wood, water and grass on the principal routes between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean. Speaking of the best manner of preparing supplies for such a journey, having regard, at the same time, to economy of space, the author observes: "Butter may be preserved by boiling it thoroughly and skimming off the scum as it rises

to the top, until it is quite clear like oil. It is then placed in tin canisters and soldered up. This mode of preserving butter has been adopted in the hot climate of southern Texas, and it is found to keep sweet for a great length of time, and its flavor is but little impaired by the process."

Sugar may well secured in India-rubber or gutta-percha sacks, or so placed in the wagon as not to risk getting wet.

Desiccated or dried vegetables are almost equal to the fresh, and are put up in such a compact and portable form as easily to be transported over the plains. They have been used in the Crimean war, and by our own army in Utah, and have been very generally approved. They are prepared by cutting the fresh vegetables into thin slices and subjecting them to a very powerful press, which removes the juice and leaves a solid cake, which, after having been thoroughly dried in an oven, becomes almost as hard as a rock. A small piece of this about the size of a man's hand, when boiled, swells up so as to fill a vegetable dish, and is sufficient for four men. It is believed that the antiscorbutic properties of vegetables are not impaired by desiccation, and they will keep for years if not exposed to dampness. Canned vegetables are very good for campaigning, but are not so portable as when put up in the other form.

The following instance of affection in an animal will be read with interest:

On leaving Fort Leavenworth with the army for Utah, in 1857, one of the officers rode a small mule, whose kind and gentle disposition soon caused him to become a favorite among the soldiers, and they named him "Billy." As this officer and myself were often thrown together upon the march, the mule, in the course of a few days, evinced a growing attachment for a mare that I rode. The sentiment was not, however, reciprocated on her part, and she intimated as much by the reversed position of her ears, and the free exercise of her feet and teeth whenever Billy came within her reach; but these signal marks of displeasure, instead of discouraging, rather seemed to increase his devotion, and he never at liberty he invariably sought to get near her, and appeared much distressed when not permitted to follow her.

On leaving Camp Scott for New Mexico, Billy was among the number of mules selected for the expedition. During the march I was in the habit, when starting out from camp in the morning of leading off the mule and directing the packmen to hold the mule until I should get so far in advance with the mare that he could not see us; but the moment he was released he would, in spite of all the efforts of the packers, start off at a most furious pace, and never stop or cease braying until he was within a few rods of me. It was impossible to keep him with the other mules, and he was finally permitted to have his own way.

In the course of time we encountered the deep snows in the Rocky Mountains, where the animals could get no forage, and Billy, in common with the others, at length became so weak and jaded that he was unable to long to leave his place in the caravan and break a track through the snow around to the front. He made frequent attempts to turn out and force his way ahead, but after numerous unsuccessful efforts, he would fall down exhausted and set up a most mournful braying.

The other mules soon began to sympathize with him, and he was finally permitted to be left, worn out and famished, to die by the wayside; it was not, however, for some time that Billy showed symptoms of becoming one of the victims, until one evening after our arrival at camp I was informed that he had dropped down and been left upon the road during the day. The men all deplored his loss exceedingly, as he had been so long, and had touched their kind hearts, and many expressions of sympathy were uttered around their bivouac fires on that evening.

Much to our surprise, however, about ten o'clock, just as we were about going to sleep, we heard a mule braying about half a mile to the rear upon our trail. Sure enough, it proved to be Billy, who, after having rested, had followed upon our track and overtaken us. As soon as he reached the side of the mare he lay down and seemed perfectly contented.

The next day I relieved him from his pack and allowed him to run loose; but during the night he gave out, and was again abandoned to his fate, and this time we certainly never expected to see him more. To our great astonishment, however, about twelve o'clock that night the sonorous but not very musical notes of Billy in the distance aroused us from our slumbers and again announced his approach. In an instant the men were upon their feet, gave three hearty cheers, and rushed out in a body to meet and escort him into camp.

But this well-meant ovation elicited no response from him. He came reeling and floundering along through the deep snow, perfectly regardless of these honors, pushing aside all those who occupied the trail or interrupted his progress in the least, wandered about until he found the mare, dropped down by her side and remained until morning.

When we resumed our march on the following day, he made another desperate effort to proceed, but soon fell down exhausted, when we reluctantly abandoned him and saw him no more.

Alas! poor Billy! your constancy deserved a better fate; you may, indeed, be said to have been a victim to unrequited affection.

A FIRST BOOK IN SPANISH. By Joseph Salcedo, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This "First Book" will go far towards popularizing the study of the noble Spanish tongue by facilitating its acquisition. The old system of mystifying the learner by piling rule upon rule has been departed from in the present instance; all irrelevant matter has been carefully excluded, and the result is a book for learners so simplified, so judicious in its arrangement, and so lucid in its explanations, that the learner may, without assistance, acquire a very creditable knowledge of Castilian.

CIANTICLEER; A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE PEABODY FAMILY. By Cornelius Mathews. With Illustrations by Darley. New York: Brown, Leomin & Co.

A pleasant New England story, descriptive of life and manners "Down East." It is the first of a series of "Illuminated Classics" projected by the publishers, which would be popular with the people. Cornelius Mathews has done for Thanksgiving what Charles Dickens has done for Christmas, and we doubt if anything could form a more acceptable Thanksgiving present than this little volume in its present dainty form.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A collection of powerfully written and absorbing stories, kept together by an outside one, a sort of story-band, less exciting but more interesting than any or all of them. Some of the stories have been published before, but this is their first appearance in a permanent form.

A MANUAL OF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By David B. Scott, A. M. New York: C. Shephard & Co.

The peculiarity of this "Manual" is, that it will serve as a reading book or a catechism of history, for the answers are not only concise and pertinent, but they form in themselves a continuous and connected narrative. It is free from that multiplicity of dates and events that tax the child's memory to no useful purpose, and which, by giving equal importance to matters of great and little moment, tends to confuse his ideas of their relative importance.

RECEIVED.—We have received the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac for 1860, published at Baltimore by the well-known firm of Murphy & Co. It is arranged with much care, and contains, besides the usual matter, a large amount of other information.

We have also received a copy of Dunigan's American Catholic Almanac for the ensuing year, which is got out in the same excellent form as that of last year.

KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—This society is composed of gentlemen of letters, science and art, who are associated as a body corporate for the purpose of erecting an enduring and modest monument, to commemorate the services and heroic character of the world-renowned Arctic explorer, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. Although but recently organized, it includes, it is believed, more men of distinction in our country than were ever before united for a common object.

A course of ten lectures is to be delivered in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, the present season, and will form a new epoch in the progress of this society.

We would direct the attention of our readers to two lectures: Rev. J. W. Cummings, D. D., subject: Geographical Discoveries and their Lesson, and Capt. W. F. Lynch, U. S. N., subject: The Commerce of the East, its Developments and Probable Effect of those Developments on the Great Future of the Holy Land.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.—This unfortunate and misguided man was executed on Friday, the 24 inst., having been convicted under the laws of the United States of treason, murder, and inciting the slaves to insurrection. He was, it is said, perfectly self-possessed under the scaffold, and before his execution conversed calmly with his fellow prisoners, among whom he distributed various little presents. A large force of military was on the ground, and no one was permitted to enter within the lines. The body of the deceased was given to his wife.

Statistics of Muscular, Mechanical, and Astronomical Motion.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has, also, 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,940 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength; though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute;—the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.

A common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day, 150,424,560 a year allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run, with care, one hundred years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal; but I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm—yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour, 120,000 a day, and 43,880,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last one hundred years; and when it does, it beats 4,388,000,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body, you can hear it beat—it is your heart.

The mite makes 600 steps in a second, or 30,000 in a minute. Allowing the horse to move at an equal ratio, he would perform 1,022 miles an hour. The journey from New York to Washington would then occupy but six minutes and a fraction. There is another insect which may in some measure rival the above in the celerity of its motion, and is itself unrivalled in strength in proportion to its size. Although it is generally disliked, and has not a very fair reputation, yet to the eye of the naturalist it is rather a pleasing and interesting object. Its form, as examined by the microscope, is extremely elegant, and has an appearance as if clad in coat of mail. It has a small head, with large eyes, a clean and bright body beset at each segment with numerous sharp and shining bristles. All its motions indicate agility and sprightliness, and its muscular power is so extraordinary as justly to excite our astonishment; indeed, we know no other animal whose strength can be put in connection with (its name must come out at last) that of a common flea; for on a moderate computation it can leap to a distance at least 200 times the length of its own body. A flea will drag after it a chain 100 times heavier than itself, and will eat ten times its own weight of provisions in a day. Mr. Boverich, an ingenious watchmaker, who some years ago lived in the Strand, London, exhibited to the public a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and a man sitting on a box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. He made a small landau which opened and shut by springs, with six horses harnessed to it, a coachman sitting on the box, and a dog between his legs, four persons in the carriage, two footmen behind it, and a postillion riding on one of the fore horses, which was easily drawn along by a flea. He also had a chain of brass about two inches long, containing 200 links, with a hook at one end and a padlock and key at the other, which the flea drew very nimbly along. Something of the same kind was recently exhibited in New York.

We are unable to investigate the mechanism by which the stars are guided in their courses; but we have the power to calculate the veloci-

ty which severally distinguished satellites, planets, and comets, the two last of which have double motions, and the first a treble one. The fixed stars, too, have motions, as well as a visible increase and decrease of brilliancy. The double, triple, and quadruple quintuple and multiple stars move round their relative centres of gravity; and the smaller ones revolve round the larger ones, after the manner of satellites. A Mr. Pond thinks that his observations entitle him to conclude that some variation, either continued or periodical, takes place in the sidereal system, which, producing very small deviations in a finite portion of time, has hitherto escaped notice. Every object appears to him to move considerably to the southward. This apparent motion of all may, however, be nothing more than the effect, arising from the actual motion of the sun and its dependants towards the constellation Hercules. The sun is, in fact, a planet; and what we call primaries and secondaries are no other than satellites moving round it. Were the sun stationary, it would, doubtless, have no revolution upon its own axis. The Georgium Sidus travels in its orbit 15,546 miles in an hour; Saturn travels in its orbit 15,546 miles in an hour; Saturn 22,050; and Jupiter 29,866. Pallas 44,202; Ceres 50,392; Juno 41,170; and Vesta 44,202. Mars 55,166; the Earth 68,092; Venus 50,062; and Mercury 109,452. The comet of 1680, when in its perihelion, moved not less than 1,240,108 miles in an hour. Light travels at the rate of ten millions of miles in a minute, and gravitation is supposed to travel at the still more astonishing rate of eight millions of times quicker than light.

A TOBACCONIST'S SHOP IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.—The shop is open to the street, in accordance with ancient usage, and has a pent-house of boards, from which hangs a double-hoop, used to hold pipes; "strong water," glasses and measures are behind on shelves; the counter is covered with a "faire linen cloth," upon which pipes are laid; upon it stands a carved figure of a negro smoking, showing the antiquity of using such a figure as a sign for a tobacconist's shop. A curtain drawn aside discloses the private room, where three smokers are indulging at a table formed of a board laid upon tobacco barrels. In the original they are named Captain Whiffle, Captain Pipe and Captain Snuffe. From the mouth of the first a label issues with the words, "Qui color album erat," from that of the second, "Quantum mutatis ab illo," and from the third, "Anglus in Ethioptum." From each pipe other labels proceed, with these words on them: "Itum est in viscera terra," "Fistula dulce canit," and "Mea messis in herba est." The book, the title-page tells us, is divided into three lectures: 1. The Birth of Tobacco; 2. Pluto's Blessing to Tobacco; and 3. Time's Complaint Against Tobacco. The epigram "Upon Tobacco" in the title-page, shows the unfavorable view its author took of his theme:

This some affirm, yet yield I not to that,
'Twill make a fat man lean, a lean man fat;
But this I'm sure, (how's care it be thy theme),
That many whiffles will make a fat man lean.

AN AGED INFANT.—An honest peasant-woman, named Maria Flor, is at present living in the Faubourg of Maubeuge, in the north of France, and has attained her hundredth year. She lately lost one of her offspring, who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah," said the old mother, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A SPECIAL CARD.—RECORD readers will note that HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 BOWERY, has greatly reduced the price of English, Mechlin, Velvet, Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Table and Piano Covers, Quillets, Shades, and Oil Cloths, far below any quoted in this city. oct18 8m

NEW YORK AND FLUSHING RAILROAD CO.—Leave Fulton Market slip for FLUSHING, per steamer MATTANO, at 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 4 P.M., and 6 P.M., connecting with cars at Hunter's Point. Returning—leave Flushing at 6:30, 8, and 10 A.M., and 3 and 5 P.M. Extra trains leave Hunter's Point for Flushing at 11:15 and 11:35 A.M.; returning, leave Flushing at 1 P.M. Passengers by this train will cross the Thirty-fourth street ferry. Fare 15 cents. Fare from Fulton Market slip, 25 cents. All above trains stop at the way stations, Calvary Cemetery, Winfield, Newtown, and West Flushing. On Sundays cars leave Hunter's Point for Flushing and all way stations at 9:30, 11 A.M., and 6 o'clock; returning, leave Flushing at 8:30, 10:30, 6:30 o'clock. Excursion tickets for the trip, 25 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. NICHOLS' LECTURES ON CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM.—The following series of Lectures is now in course of publication:—
I. The History of the Holy Catholic Church.
II. The History of Protestantism.
III. The Popular Objections to Catholicity.
IV. The Doctrines and Evidences of the Catholic Church.
V. The Catholic Church the Church of the Bible.
Each Lecture makes a neat pamphlet of seventy pages; and they are furnished at the rate of 15 for \$1, 30 for \$3, 100 for \$5, sent by mail, post-paid, either of one Lecture or the series. Nearly thirty thousand have already been ordered for gratuitous distribution. The first three are issued, and the other two are in press and will soon be ready. Address T. L. NICHOLS, M. D., New York.

TO OUR PROTESTANT FRIENDS.

The Christmas Holidays are approaching. A Catholic Bible, a Prayer Book, or work on Catholic devotion, is very suitable and always acceptable by your Catholic friends as a Holiday Gift.
ROBERT CODDINGTON'S old established Book Store, No. 385 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

is the best place in the city to make your selections from. He keeps constantly on sale a great variety of Catholic articles, such as Cresses, Medals, in gold and silver; Rosary Beads, besides a great variety of Fancy Articles, Miscellaneous and Children's Books, &c., which he disposes of at very low prices. n19 17

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES, before the Catholic Library Association.

REV. D. E. NELIGAN

Will lecture on "Home and the Catechism" at MOZART HALL, 663 BROADWAY, On Sunday Evening, December 11th, 1859, at 7 o'clock. Tickets, 25 cents.

Rev. Dr. FISE will deliver the second lecture on Sunday evening December 18th. Subject—"The Council of Trent and its Results." dec3

The METROPOLITAN RECORD is always for sale at Robert Coddington's Book Store, 385 Bowery, one door above Fourth street, delivered in any part of the city at six cents per copy. News dealers supplied.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BRADY'S GALLERY HAS REMOVED FROM No. 359 Broadway to No. 643 Broadway, corner of Bleeker street. PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERRETYPE AND AMBROTYPE. ang18 3m

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER AND Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E. street, WASHINGTON, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the RECORD, in addition to those already announced:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Messrs. Downing & Daly, 189 South Eighth street.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. James S. B. Smith, 83 North Gay street.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp st.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 361 Washington street.

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EL NOTICIOSO DE NUEVA YORK,

A SPANISH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.
This paper has been started under the auspices of the Spanish-American Alliance in this country, for the purpose of filling a want that has been long felt to exist—that of a popular Spanish journal, which should be at once a medium of American industry and intelligence between the United States and the Republics of Spanish origin on this continent.

EL NOTICIOSO DE NUEVA YORK is published on the mornings of the 2d, 5th, 12th, 17th, 20th, and 27th of each month (except when those days fall on Sunday, when it is published on the succeeding day), in order to correspond with the departure of the steamers for Spanish America and the Antilles.

It affords to the Spanish-American residents and visitors in this country, through its news and advertising columns, an accessible and ready acquaintance with the multifarious branches of American industry and commerce.

To business men it presents an excellent medium for bringing their business before the large and constantly increasing number of Spanish-American purchasers here and at home; and to persons having correspondents in those countries, it offers an efficacious and economical means of transmitting frequent and reliable intelligence to them.

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ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Application for the admission of children to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and for the withdrawal or binding out of same, are to be governed by the following regulations, which have been adopted by the Committee on Admission and Discharge:

1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, either from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.
2. Every application must be in writing, and must state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residence, and must be accompanied by a certificate of baptism.
3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock P. M.
4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination to said order.
5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed. The surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement, expressing the consent upon which said half orphan is admitted.
6. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and who will require relative so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.
7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman, during the recess.
8. Orphans that have been or been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.
9. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOAL,
THOMAS KELLY,
L. R. BISSON,
L. J. WHITE,
L. B. BISSON, Secretary. mh13

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The location of the college is one of the most healthy to be found in Pennsylvania, this portion of the Allegheny Mountains being proverbial for its pure water, bracing and invigorating air, and beautiful scenery.

The scholastic year commences on the 1st of September and ends on the 1st of July following; it is divided into two sessions.

Students do not return home between the sessions. The course of studies embraces Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, Rhetoric, History, Natural Philosophy, Geometry, Astronomy, the use of the Globes, Algebra, Geometry, Plain and Spherical Trigonometry, Engineering, Surveying, Mensuration, Landscape and Perspective Drawing, Architecture, Mental Philosophy, Book-keeping, Instrumental Music, Latin and English Composition, together with the Greek and Modern Languages (if required).

Unrelenting attention will be given to the intellectual and moral culture of the students, while the discipline will be sufficiently strict, yet mild and parental.

Complete compliance with the rules is required from all.

The annual pension for board and tuition (payable half yearly in advance) is \$100. Washing and use of Bedding per annum is \$10. Pupils remaining in the college during the summer will pay an extra charge of \$5. The classes and Modern Languages form an extra charge of \$5.

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INSTRUCTION.

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE.

ST. LOUIS, WESTMORELAND CO., PA.

This Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Benedictine Order, is beautifully situated on a gently rising eminence, commanding a view of the Central Valley, which passes through the extensive grounds and of the surrounding country for miles. The healthfulness of the location is proverbial, serious sickness being scarcely known in the Institution. This College, as being attached to the novitiate of the Order for America, carries out the studies of the Order, and is carried to the highest perfection. The French and Latin are taught with great care. The French and Latin are taught with great care. The French and Latin are taught with great care.

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MEDICAL.

PERUVIAN SYRUP, OR PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTIOXIDE OF IRON COMBINED.
This well known remedy has been used very extensively, and with great success, in the cure of

DYSPEPSIA,
OR IMPAIRED AND IMPERFECT DIGESTION,
AND THE CONSEQUENT

Deterioration of the Blood;
and for the cure of the following

Forms of Disease,
Most of which originate in
DYSPEPSIA:

Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Neuralgia and Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Languor and Depression of Spirits, Carbuncles and Boils, Piles, Scoury, Affections of the Skin,

Consumptive Diseases, Pleuritis, Bronchitis, Diseases Peculiar to Females, and all Complaints accompanied by General Debility.

It has been explained by the Materia Medica, No. 1—The failure of Iron as a remedy for Dyspepsia, a bad state of the blood, and the numerous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want of such a preparation of it as shall enter the stomach in a Protocidic state, and assimilate at once with the blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, containing, as it does, iron in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation. For this reason the Peruvian Syrup often radically cures diseases in which other preparations of iron and other medicines have been found to be of no avail.

Certificate of A. A. Hayes, M. D., of Boston.
"It is well known that the medicinal effects of Protocidic iron are lost by even a very brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protocidic of iron, without either oxidation, or the use of acids, is impossible. In the Peruvian Syrup this desirable point is attained by combination in a way before unknown; and this solution may replace all the preparations of iron, and all the tartrates of the Materia Medica. A. A. HAYES, Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.

No. 16 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Certificate of James R. Chilton, M. D., of New York.
A medicinal preparation has been placed in my hands, called "Peruvian Syrup." The main active ingredient is Protocidic iron, and the result is a solution of iron, which is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It will keep in its original state, and will be found to be where the metal exists in the state of Protocidic, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it will be found to be of great value in the treatment of the stomach of a delicate patient.

It is equally well known, that it has been found very difficult to prepare in a palatable form a solution of length of time, compounds of the Protocidic of Iron. The Peruvian Syrup, I am pleased to say, will be found to have accomplished this in a most successful manner.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist,
No. 98 Prince Street, New York, Aug. 8, 1898.

The following certificate is from well known citizens of New York.

The undersigned, having experienced the beneficial effects of the Peruvian Syrup, do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public. It is a most valuable remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, and for the cure of the following diseases: Rev. John Pierpont, Thomas A. Dexter, S. H. Kendall, M. D., Thomas C. Amory, Peter Harvey, James C. Kendall, Saml. Rev. Thomas M. M. D.

Testimonials from Clergymen.
The Rev. John Pierpont says: "I have been cured of prothiocidic iron, and the use of the Peruvian Syrup, and it affords me great relief. It is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It will keep in its original state, and will be found to be where the metal exists in the state of Protocidic, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it will be found to be of great value in the treatment of the stomach of a delicate patient."

Warren Burton: "I do not hesitate to recommend the Peruvian Syrup to any whose habits render them liable to Headache, Dyspeptic Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, and all the diseases of the system. Professor E. Vitalis Scherer, M. D., says: "All the Protean forms of disease and innumerable complaints that are comprehended under the popular name of Nervous Debility, and Dyspepsia, I believe the Peruvian Syrup to be a veritable specific."

The late John M. D. has been using, for some time past, the Peruvian Syrup. It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle. I feel stronger, and more energetic. It is a most valuable remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, and for the cure of the following diseases: Rev. John Pierpont, Thomas A. Dexter, S. H. Kendall, M. D., Thomas C. Amory, Peter Harvey, James C. Kendall, Saml. Rev. Thomas M. M. D.

Testimonials from Well Known Physicians.
Letter from S. H. Kendall, M. D., Boston, Jan. 23, 1898. "I was for some time afflicted with Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Boils and Diseases of the skin; also Chlorosis, Leucorrhoea, Prolapsus Uteri, and other ailments. As an alternative tonic, the Syrup ought to be used by clergyman, editors, cloth officers, clerks, lawyers, and others who use their brains more than their muscles; well as operators, printers, tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses, and all those whose occupation confines them in ill-ventilated and crowded rooms, who are liable to suffer more or less from nervous debility."

W. R. CHISHOLM, M. D.
Letter from Roswell Kinney, M. D., Manchester, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1898. "I do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public. It is a most valuable remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, and for the cure of the following diseases: Rev. John Pierpont, Thomas A. Dexter, S. H. Kendall, M. D., Thomas C. Amory, Peter Harvey, James C. Kendall, Saml. Rev. Thomas M. M. D.

Letter from Francis Dana, M. D., Boston, June 7, 1898. "I have been relieved of a Catarrhal Affection, consequent on Bronchitis, by the use of the Peruvian Syrup, and I am now in a state of health, and I am able to do my work. I consider the Syrup to be a veritable specific."

Letter from Jeremiah Stone, M. D., of Provincetown, Mass., Dec. 30, 1898. "I have used the Peruvian Syrup in my practice for fifteen months, and it has fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. It is the best medicine I have ever used, and it is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It will keep in its original state, and will be found to be where the metal exists in the state of Protocidic, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it will be found to be of great value in the treatment of the stomach of a delicate patient."

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G. ENIN'S BAZAAR.

FUR DEPARTMENT—507 and 513 BROADWAY.
Ladies Furs of
SABLE, MINK, MARTEN,
ERMIN, SIBERIAN,
SQUIRELL, Etc.

Children's Furs.
BEAUTIFUL SETS OF
CAPES, MUFTS, AND CUFFS.
GENTS' FUR COLLARS,
GENTS' FUR GLOVES;
SLEIGH ROBES AND
TRAVELLING SHAWLS.

The best materials at the lowest prices. nov 5 t

RUSSIAN, AMERICAN, AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FURS.

F. W. LASAK & SON,
220 BROADWAY,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ALL KINDS OF FURS AND SKINS,
Having manufactured an unusually large stock, and being anxious to reduce it during the coming season, offer to the public their entire assortment, consisting of
CLOAKS,
CARDINALS,
MANTILLAS,
VICTORINES,
MUFTS,
CUFFS, &c., of
RUSSIAN AND HUDSON'S BAY

SABLE, ROYAL ERMIN, MINK, STONE, MARTEN, SLEIGH ROBES AND CARRIAGE ROBES, FUR GLOVES, CAPS, &c., at prices lower than any heretofore offered.

The above goods are of the latest and most approved style and pattern, and, being of our own importation and manufacture, are warranted superior in quality and workmanship, the manufacturing department being under the immediate supervision of the proprietors.

F. W. LASAK & SON,
220 BROADWAY,
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel,
(Late 19 John Street.)
no 12 3m

FURS! FURS! FURS!!!
It is true that a want of knowledge may make one go against his own interests, which all will do that do not purchase their Furs at the Great Northern and Western Fur Trappers' Depot that has been located at
No. 9 BOWERY.

The experiment of starting a head-quarters where the hunters could send their choicest captures, thus affording Fur retailers the peculiar trade found only in fresh Fur caught at proper seasons, was commenced two years since. So great an increase, through the recommendations of those who had bought, compelled the Manager to add the magnificent Sales Rooms now opening. The Agents have just received with splendid assortment of the choicest furs of Furs ever seen in New York. So hasten to the Northern and Western Fur Trappers' Depot.
DR. KIMBLE, Manager,
oct 18 m No. 9 Bowery.

BONNET TRADE.
FALL AND WINTER
WM. BROWN & CO.
Have now opened their beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Misses
Bonnets,
which, for richness of materials and elegance of style, cannot be surpassed.
No. 603 BROADWAY,
Near St. Thomas' Church.
WM. BROWN, [oct 8m] A. M. STEWART.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Cash Capital \$50,000.
TEAS, WINES, GROCERIES, AND PROVISIONS Cheap for Cash—Important to Families, Hotels and Restaurants. Proprietors: Merchants, and the public at large—THOMAS R. AGNEW has the largest stock of choice Teas, Wines, Groceries and Provisions to be found in New York, at the lowest prices. He imports his own Groceries, and keeps FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS cash in his business, and is thereby enabled to undersell any man in New York. Call and see for yourselves. Consult your own interests, and buy your goods where you can get them cheapest and best. Just received:
500 bbls. New Orleans Molasses,
100 bbls. Stouts Syrup,
200 bbls. No. 1 Family Mackerel,
1,000 chests and half-chests Green and Black Teas,
1,000 bbls. choice brand Family Flour.
Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.
THOMAS R. AGNEW,
Importer, Grocer, Flour and Tea Dealer,
Nos. 256 Greenwich and 50 Murray street, New York
no 12 3m

WHEAREAS, FREDERICKA MARKUS,
aged about twenty-five years, a native of Poland, was found on the morning of Sunday, the 6th Nov. inst., at about two o'clock, on the corner of the gutter, and in front of the house on the corner of Roosevelt and Chatham streets, lying insensible, with her skull fractured, and being found by her person other marks of violence, and was immediately taken to the New York Hospital, where she died of said injuries shortly after admission, and before the coroner's jury could be called to view the body, there is reason to believe that the said injuries were caused by a malicious assault perpetrated by some person or persons unknown to the authorities.

Now, therefore, I, DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor of the City of New York, in pursuance of the authority vested in me, do hereby offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who caused the death of the said FREDERICKA MARKUS, to be paid to the grand juror of the District Attorney, or the judge before whom such person or persons were convicted. But such claim for such reward must be made within twenty days of such conviction.

In witness whereof, I have set my hand, and cause to be attested the seal of Mayorality of the City of New York, on this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1898.
DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor,
[L. S.]

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DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor,
[L. S.]

FINANCIAL.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK—No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET—This Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a SAFE PLACE OF DEPOSIT for their FUNDS, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy for the service of the Officers and Trustees except compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided among them, having due regard to the interest of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of \$500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Books open to receive deposits daily, from \$10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 4 to 6 P. M.

Trustees: William Watson, Andrew Carrigan, James Kerrigan, James O'Brien, John J. Neenan, Daniel Devlin, Henry L. Hogue, James Kelly, C. H. Sheahan, Robert J. Dillon, Eugene Kelly, John J. Kelly, Michael J. O'Connor, Chas. M. Connelly, Bartlett Smith, James Gould.

Officers: JOSEPH STUART, President, FELIX INSOLDAVY, First Vice President, EDWARD BAYNE, Second Vice President, THOMAS H. CROFT, Treasurer.

Agents: LOUIS B. BISSER, Secretary, PETER CHERAS, Accountant, JOHN MANNING, Comptroller.

MEDICAL.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE—MR. KENNEDY OF Roxbury has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,
Five to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Kings Evil.

Six to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Rheumatism.

Two to four bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and breaking out on the head.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of the following beautiful testimony.

Mr. KENNEDY—DEAR SIR: Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Astoria Dispensary the following valuable medicine, which I use for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of this class so neglected before in Astoria, and I have the pleasure of informing you that it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing all persons afflicted with scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHOEB,
Superior St. Vincent's Asylum, Boston.

ANOTHER.

DEAR SIR: We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by my little orphan in the charge, from your valuable discovery. In one particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

SIXTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hudson, N. Y.
For sale by every druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

THE ONLY ARTICLE UNRIVALED
In Market, with immense Home and European Demand, is the "Black Ball" or "Old Line" of LIVERPOOL. It restores the natural color permanently after the hair becomes grey, supplies the natural oils, and thus restores the natural color and texture of the hair. It is not a dye, but a restorative, and it does not wash out. It will stop and keep it from falling off; makes it soft, glossy, healthy and beautiful, and if used by the young, two or three times a week, it will never grow grey. Then, reader, read the following and judge for yourself:

New York, Jan. 8, 1898.
Messrs. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gentlemen: Having heard a great deal about Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and my hair being quite grey, I made up my mind to lay aside the prejudice which I, in common with a great many persons, had against all manner of patent medicines, and to give this time my own judgment upon your article to test it for myself.

The result has been so very satisfactory that I am very glad to see it in the market, and I am glad to see the encouragement of others who may be as grey as I was, but who, having my prejudices wholly removed by reason of the results, are unwilling to try it. I am glad to see a trial that they have further proof—and the best proof being actual demonstration—I write you this letter, which you may show to any and every one who they may wish to see further proof, who are in and out of the N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment every day.

My hair is now in its natural color, and has improved in appearance every way, being glossier and thicker and much more healthy looking. I am yours, respectfully,
Geo. Columbia and Carroll streets, Brooklyn.

LIVINGSTON, Ala., Feb. 14, 1898.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir: Your Hair Restorative has done much good in this part of the country. My hair has been gradually diminishing for several years, and I suppose, from a slight burn when I was quite an infant. I have been using your Hair Restorative for six weeks, and I find that I have a fine head of hair now growing, after having used all other remedies known to me. I think it the most valuable remedy now existing, and I feel that I have found the right way to use your remedy.

You can publish this if you think proper, and I will be glad to see it. S. W. MIDDLETON,
Cours, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9, 1897.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir: Your Hair Restorative is proving itself beneficial to me. The front and also the back part of my head almost lost its covering—was, in fact, bald. I have used, but two or three bottles of your Restorative, and now the top of my head is well clothed with a promising crop of young hair, and the hair on the sides of my head is becoming thicker and more abundant. I have used your Restorative with no other preparation without any benefit whatever. I think from my own personal recommendation I can induce many others to use your Restorative.

Yours very truly,
R. E. TIEMANN, M. D. 464 Vine Street.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium and small. The small bottle contains one ounce, and costs 25 cents; the medium holds a quart, and costs 75 cents; the large holds a gallon, and costs \$2.50. The medium holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small bottle, and costs for each bottle only 25 cents a quart, forty per cent. more in proportion, and retails for 50 cents.

And sold by the good Druggist and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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SHIPPING.

NORTH ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY—Office removed from 177 West st., corner of Warren, to wharf foot of Canal at REGULAR THROUGH LINE TO SAN FRANCISCO, VIA PANAMA RAILROAD, and connecting only with steamers Golden Gate, Golden Eagle, and Sonora.

DIRECT TO ASHMAN, Saturday, Dec. 17. The splendid steamships BALIC, ADRIATIC and ATLANTIC, having been entirely refitted and adapted to the California trade, will leave for San Francisco, leaving this port on the 17th and 30th of each month, from foot of Canal street, North River.

An experienced surgeon is attached to each ship. Through freight and passengers will be immediately forwarded upon arrival of the steamer at Aspinwall.

Each of the above steamships has capacity for 600 to 800 tons of freight, which will be taken at moderate rates. It is believed that the accommodation afforded by the above ships are unsurpassed by any in the world.

An extra ship is always in reserve at Panama, so that there will be no detention in forwarding passengers, baggage and freight.

For freight apply at the office of the company, No. 88 Wall street.

For passage apply at the office only of the companies, on the wharf foot of Canal street, to H. WICKHAM.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL LONDON, IRELAND, and other ports.
The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company's splendid steamships, the "Savannah" and "Savannah" are intended to sail as follows:

NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Dec. 17. CITY OF WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 31. CITY OF BALTIMORE, Saturday, Jan. 14. And alternate Saturdays at intervals of four weeks from Pier No. 44, N. Y.

NEW YORK FOR LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 16. KANGAROO, Saturday, Jan. 7. And alternate Saturdays at intervals of four weeks from Pier No. 44, N. Y.

RATES OF PASSAGE.
Cabin to Queenstown, Liverpool, or Glasgow, \$75. Cabin to London (by way of Liverpool), \$50. Third Class to Queenstown, Liverpool, Glasgow, \$25. Third Class return to London, \$50. Third Class return to Liverpool or Glasgow, \$30. Passengers from London to Paris, Hamburg, Bremen and Antwerp at through rates.

Certificates of passage issued from Liverpool and Glasgow to New York.

These steamers have superior accommodations for passengers are constructed with water-tight compartments, and carry complete life boats.

For freight or passage, apply at the office of the Company, 13 Broadway, New York.

In Liverpool to Wm. INMAN, Tower Buildings, in Glasgow to Wm. INMAN, 13 Dixon street.

QUAKER CITY LINE.
Carrying the United States Mails, and leaving each Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

The new, fast, and desirable Steamship YORKTOWN, Capt. R. W. SHUFFELT, Commander, will take the place of the QUAKER CITY, and sail for the above port on

Monday, December 5.
At two o'clock P. M., from pier 45 North River. Her cargo capacity is 1,500 tons, and she is a fast ship. The YORKTOWN is a new ship, of 1,500 tons burthen, and well fitted for both strength and speed. Her accommodations are of the highest quality.

First cabin, \$80. Second cabin, \$50. For freight or passage, apply to HARGROVE & CO., 58 South street.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, AGENTS, No. 30 South Street, New York.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1899.
Persons desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, may make arrangements with the subscribers, and have them brought out by the "BLACK BALL" or "OLD LINE" of LIVERPOOL PACKETS, at the rate of 10 cents per passenger, and 10 cents for each child under 10 years of age.

Should those who are coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Packet Certificate and the receipt.

The "Black Ball" or "Old Line" of Liverpool Packets, comprise the following magnificent and fast sailings:

Harvest Queen (new), Columbia, Filadelfia, Great Western, Manhattan, New York, and other ports.

